



ICD

# SICK

December  
25¢

THE MAGAZINE THAT KEEPS AMERICA LAUGHING

**50 BLANK  
PAGES!**

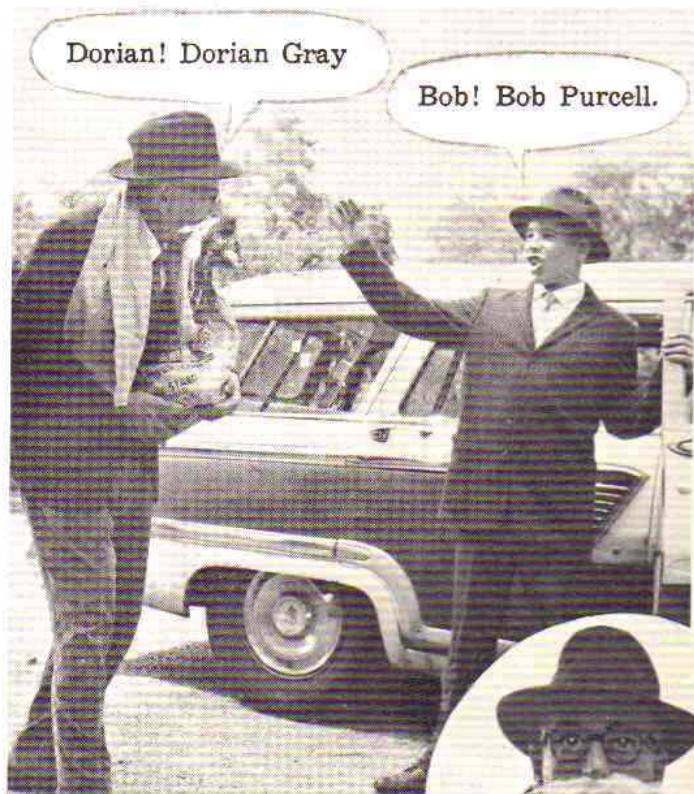
*Read it now  
before MAD  
gets it!*





They've just about used up every situation imaginable in those TV soap commercials where the washed-out blonde meets her ex-school chum and goes into raptures about her youthful complexion. The next step, it seems, will be to have two male alumni meet in that...

# PALMOLIVE COMMERCIAL





TV Shows have always had an effect on audiences. For instance, after "The Millionaire" came on, people started to do a lot of big spending. Recently, TV's "Candid Camera" has made everybody

# Candid Camera Conscious

106th and Riverside.

Through the park or West Side Highway? Or if you want we could go down 8th Avenue to 96th and cut over to the Drive from there. It's up to you.

Okay, where is it?

Where is what?

The concealed camera. Where did you hide it?

There's no concealed camera.

You can't fool me. I'm on Candid Camera—Right? Do I speak into the meter? When will this sequence be shown in Ohio? My mother sees the show there.

What are you, some sort of nut?

Oh, I get it. You think it will make for a more dramatic scene if I don't know until the end of the show. Okay, I'll play along... But I want you to know you'll have no trouble getting me to sign a release.

I'm not on Candid Camera? There's no hidden mike in the meter?

No— But the meter talks—it says you owe 75 cents.

106th and Riverside

What's this?

Your stop.

Here—Keep the change... Gee, I was sure, Well, you never know.

Allen? I don't think you can use the film we took of this guy, he gave away that he was on "Candid" too early. Wait, here's another fare...

44th and Lex...

I can't hear you, sir, would you lean forward in your seat and speak into the meter. What's that? No, you don't have time to comb your hair before the camera starts to roll.



## JACK PAAR'S KNOW-IT-ALLS

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## DICK CLARK, M.D.

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JOE SIMON  
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BILL LEVINE  
Feature Editors  
and writers

JOE GENALO  
Production

BOB POWELL  
Art Director



BILL MAJESKI  
and  
BILL DIXON  
Contributing writers



# SICK

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SICK is published monthly except January, April, July and October by HEADLINE PUBLICATIONS, INC., Editorial and executive offices 32 West 22nd Street, New York 10, New York. Single copy 25c; subscription rate \$1.50 for 6 issues. Second-Class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at Canton, Ohio. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and all material must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyright 1961 by Headline Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Copyrighted under the Universal Copyright Conventions and the International Copyright Convention, reserved under the Pan American Convention. Printed in U.S.A.



# SICK CERELY YOURS



Gentlemen:

I admire your courage. It is a wonderful country when a humor magazine can print a blistering satire on the President of the United States without fear of retaliation.

*Bob Glanzman  
48 Polaris Drive  
Levittown, N. Y.*

To the Editors:

The President of the United States sends you greetings.

You are hereby ordered to report for induction to your local draft board.

*Local Board 18  
Dept. of Selective Service  
New York, N. Y.*

Dear SICK:

I like your magazine very much, particularly the Post Scripts.

*Leonard Toberoff  
300 West 56th Street  
New York, N. Y.*

**ED: Stupid! That's the Saturday Evening Post you're reading.**

Dear SICK:

I think your magazine stinks, but the boss likes it and I only work here.

*Ben Oda... ..  
Englewood, New Jersey*

Dear SICK Ones:

Why don't you get wise and stop publication? I am the only one I know who reads your junk except a bunch of immature boys who think they're real cool, but they are far from it in my book. You'll never be as good as MAD! (Ed: That's what Feldstein keeps telling us) MAD is what I call a funny magazine. (Have you been listening to Feldstein?) Your so-called magazine isn't funny. SICK is really what you'd call a sick magazine and is made for sick people. (ED: Hence, the title—SICK) That is all I have got to say (ED: All?) but I know the people will never read it because you will never print

it. Because you know everyone will agree with me. (ED: We agree with you already).

*Richard Williams  
4408 Noyes Avenue  
Charleston 4, West Virginia*

P.S. If you took a vote on my letter more would agree than disagree because there are more sound-minded than sick-minded people.

**ED: You gonna believe what Feldstein tells you or what we tell you?**

Dear SICK:

Well, it's finally happened. MAD used the Monologue idea. Then, they did a "Sneaky Camera" piece without even changing the title. Now, they have followed you with a Kennedy-at-Home article and finally their inside back cover is a photograph with a caption similar to SICK's Great-Moments-in-History closer. That settled it, for now on I'll read SICK. I prefer originality.

*Honey Miller  
29 Monroe Place  
Brooklyn, N.Y.*

**ED: As long as it makes somebody happy...**

Dear SICK:

I was in a barber shop today and I picked up my first copy of SICK. It was the April issue and I found it to be most humorous all the way through. But when I came to the story of the Marine Sergeant addressing his new men, that did it! Thanks to you I now have a hairdo that resembles an explosion in a mattress factory. I was bobbing up and down from laughter so much that I went through three barbers. I heard later that two of them had to be taken away to the "funny farm." I would like to know who wrote this bit as it has all the characteristics of Newhart and Winters. Really, I think the wit who wrote this masterpiece is a genius. (ED: It was written by Bob Masterpiece and Bill Genius). I was wondering if I could have your permission to use this little satire in my act. I work as a semi-pro, entertaining on the side.

*A SICK Comic—Dave La Kay  
213 Velvetlake Drive  
Sunnyvale, Calif.*

**ED: Dave, thanks for the kind words. All monologues appearing in SICK are for the use of SICK's readers at parties, amateur or professional appearances, so feel free to use the "Marine DI" and good luck with it—it might get you drafted.**

Dear SICKies:

I am writing you about your "Monologue for SICK Comics." I tried it out at the Ojai Auditorium and they threw rotten tomatoes at me. Did I do something wrong?

*Toni Fowler  
Box 679  
Ojai, California*

**ED: Apparently, you did something wrong. They usually throw rotten eggs.**

Gentlemen?

I have one word for SICK... ERP!!!! I wouldn't give you 25c for a 20-year subscription, and I dare you to print this.

*Craig Johnson  
3737 Ave. T-8  
Palmdale, Calif.*

**ED: Would you give us 20 cents?**

Dear SICKNIKS:

Wonder why you don't do a piece on the recent robberies in France and Italy of art masterpieces? What will the thieves do with, say, the original Gainsborough's "Blue Boy"?

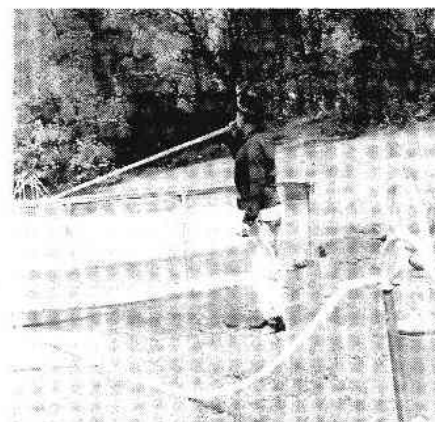
*George Thomas, Box 342  
Aurora, Pennsylvania*

**ED: They could always cut it down and sell it as postcards to tourists.**

Dear SICKlings:

I read a lot of magazines and when I got my first copy of SICK, I became so involved in it, there was no more time to read other magazines. I also like to draw, but I'm a real amateur compared to Leo Morey. People around here think you come in ahead of your biggest competitor, and I agree.

*Craig Lundquist  
24 Puritan Drive  
Port Chester, N.Y.*



**ED: Leo Morey had a wonderful summer at his Great Neck Estate. He is shown here filtering the family swimming pool. Obviously, Leo has little faith in mechanical contraptions. That's why he does all his paintings freehand.**

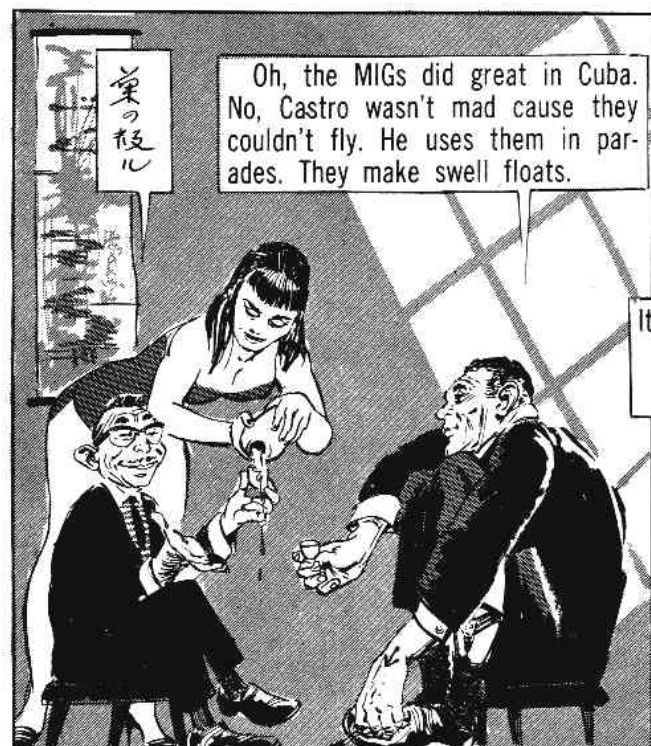
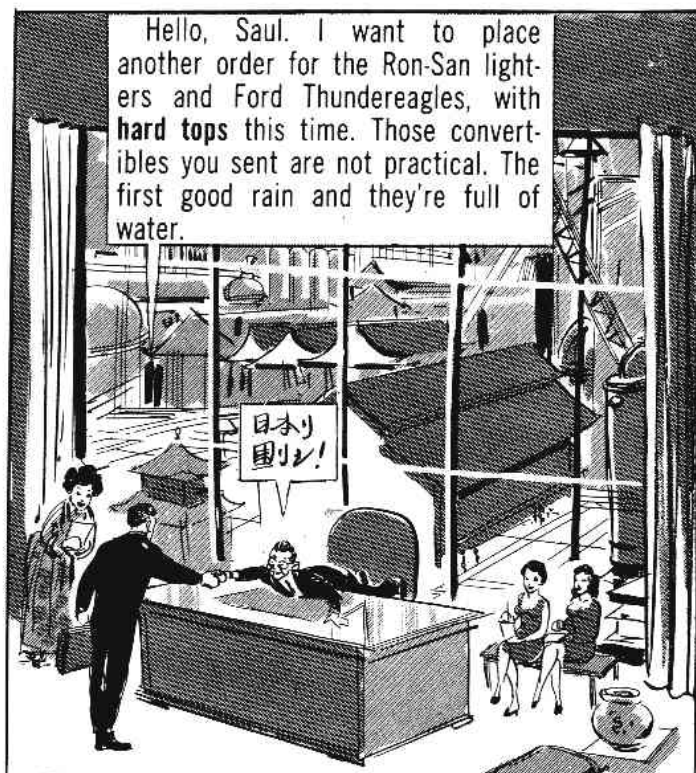
(Continued on page 47)



## Business Trends

The United States is experiencing a second invasion from Japan. (The first, December 7, 1941—Remember?). This time instead of planes made from the 3rd Avenue L, the invasion is taking the form of transistor radios, cameras and other appliances.

# MADE IN

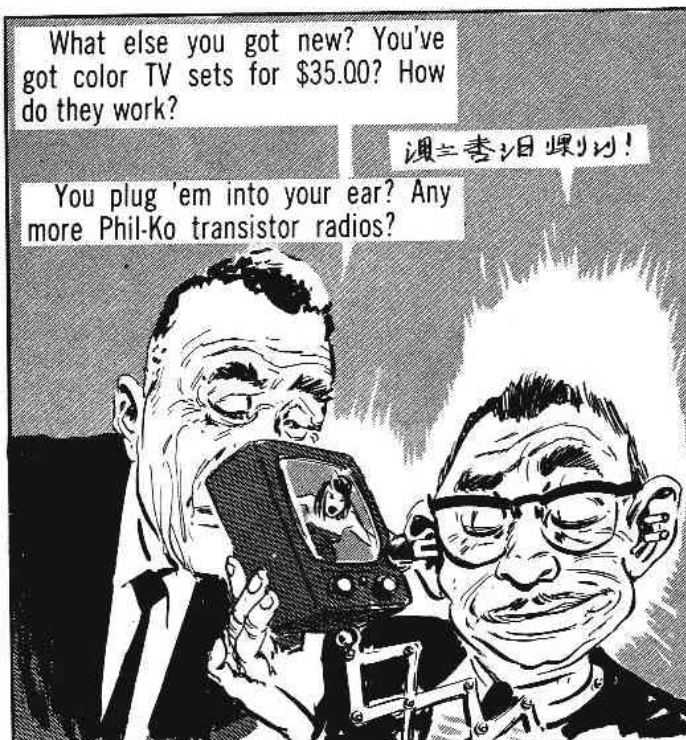




If you could eavesdrop, you might hear this conversation between an American importer and a Japanese manufacturer ...

# JAPAN

Art by Bob Powell





# SICK, SICK WORLD



I tell you, General, there's no doubt about it. It was Lee's army we defeated at Shiloh...

## FANFANI MEETS THE BIG "K"

**WE ARE HIGHLY SUSPICIOUS** of high-level diplomatic meetings. For instance, we can't believe that the Continental Congress met just to draft the Declaration of Independence. They must have had some broads in there. Recently, Italian Premier Amintore Fanfani met with Soviet Premier Khrushchev in Moscow. All news services and foreign correspondents were barred from their talks, but SICK hid microphones in the antipasto and listened in on their negotiations. SICK learned that they didn't have any broads in there. The talks went something like this:

K: You want to have lunch?

FANFANI: My wife made some pepper and egg sandwiches . . . Go ahead, eat one, there's enough for both of us—she made thirty six.

K: Italy's economy is obviously sound. What is your chief import?

F: American tourists.

K: I like your Italian movies. I saw "La Dolce Vita"—very realistic.

F: It was a newsreel.

K: Your Gina came to Moscow. Too bad about her wearing the same outfit as Liz at the reception.

F: It could have been worse. She could have had on the same outfit as Eddie.

K: Was Gina mad about it?

F: She's not talking to Liz. Her parting words were, "Don't ever darken my Dior again . . ."

\* \* \*

**RICHARD BASEHART**, chosen to portray Hitler in the forthcoming Universal-International release, says he has to live every film part. "It's the only way I can work," Richard says. His latest role caused a little complication—last week Basehart invaded Czechoslovakia . . . and captured it.

\* \* \*

**New TV show for New York City Administrators:** "I've Got A Secret Interest."

Woody Allen knows a mixed marriage. He is a neurotic and she is a manic depressive and they can't agree on which way to bring up the children . . .



Now, Sister, tell me again—Why do you want to join Lawrence Welk's orchestra?



**THE JAPANESE DIET** began talks on an Anti-Violence bill, but the talks were interrupted by student rioting . . .

**A SUPREME COURT JUDGE** put an injunction on CORE and NAACP activities, believing the theory, "If you can't beat them, enjoin them."

\* \* \*

**WE WERE READING** an interesting book on prison camps during the last war, entitled, "Interesting Book on Prison Camps During the Last War" and were amazed at some of the activities of prisoners in these camps.

For instance, at Coditz the inmates were quite distressed because their captors had built a huge wall around the prison to keep the prisoners in. So the prisoners did them one better—they built an even higher wall around themselves to keep their captors out . . .

Some British prisoners in New Guinea very cleverly outwitted their Jap captors. They trained the natives in the area to bear arms and instructed them how to overthrow the Japanese guards. However, this didn't put an end to the British prisoners' confinement. They themselves were immediately taken prisoner by the very natives they had trained. Later, the ingenious British captives were attempting to train the wild animals and beasts of the jungle to bear arms and launch an attack on their native prison guards.

In Singapore, British prisoners were put to work manufacturing license plates for cars. With time they proceeded to make complete cars and opened their own Austin-Healy works. They soon earned enough money to buy the prison camp and eventually had their Jap guards working for them as men servants . . .

\* \* \*

#### INTERVIEW WITH HILLYBILLY:

"Do you believe in intermarriage? That is, would you marry your sister?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that—she's my brother's wife."

**HAVE YOU NOTICED** how movies have changed? Now, all movies try to say something. And have you noticed how they always say more in the prevues than in the movies?

What ever happened to those pictures of the German occupation of a small Czechoslovakian town? Why don't they make those films anymore? The Germans are still occupying those small Czech towns . . .

Remember those prison pictures? James Cagney enters the prison, a wise, cocky, self-centered gangster and meets Pat O'Brien, the quiet, patient warden. For the next hour and a half we watch the struggle between the two clashing personalities until by the end of the picture, Cagney leaves the prison a quiet, patient man and Pat O'Brien emerges as a wise, cocky warden . . .

Why don't movie stars use their real names in movies. Like in "Johnny Belinda"—It would go something like this: "Speak to me, Jane Wyman. It's me—Lew Ayres. Why won't she talk, Charles Bickford?"

\* \* \*

**EDDIE GAVE LIZ** a pool shaped like a lung . . .

We know a Thom McAn salesman who sold two left sneakers. If he finds somebody to buy two right sneakers, they'll make him store manager . . .

**DURING THE WAR** we saw "South Pacific" where they have a scene of a bunch of guys sitting around an island singing "There's Nothing Like a Dame." We were shipped overseas and landed on an island in the South Pacific where we saw a bunch of guys sitting around singing the same song. We thought it a real coincidence until we learned the guys were a touring company of "South Pacific."

**ONE UNEMPLOYED CLOD** never answers the phone. When his wife comes home, he tells her, "The phone rang seven times. If the message was important enough, they'd send a telegram."

"Yea," she sneered, "but you don't answer the doorbell either."

## the ~~SICK~~Knicks





# RECORD ALBUM FANS

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The complete transcript in broken Russian

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200 W. 57th St.  
New York, N. Y.  
Room 607

## SICK, SICK WORLD . . .

(Continued from page 9)

### SICK MYSTERY . . .

Hollywood: Rumors say that Keefe Brassell will replace one of the stars of "CHECKMATE" . . .

New Jersey: A mysterious fire and explosion burned Keefe Brassell's Hollywood Club in Edison last night . . .

If Sebastian Cabot has a singed beard . . . Bill Bailey, if you don't come home, at least write . . .

New book title: "I was a spy for the Ideal Toy Company" . . .

\* \* \*

LECTURER on his Asiatic trip: "Here is a picture of a young Polynesian boy . . . Sorry, that's a young Polynesian girl . . . A very young Polynesian girl . . ."

A current movie fan magazine offers pictures of top movie stars. It lists: Regis Toomey, Turhan Bey, Edward Brophy (we've got him), Big Boy Gunn Williams, Conrad Veidt . . . Sure, everybody wants Regis Toomey and Turhan Bey, but what are you going to do with the rest of them?

Doc told pitcher his arm is all right as long as he doesn't try to pitch with it.

To accountant: "I hope your shortages come out even."

WENT WITH A GIRL who read sport features. Stopped seeing her when we found out she was reading stories about herself in "Wrestling Magazine."

\* \* \*

SHOWS WE'D LIKE TO SEE ON TV: "This is Your Life" . . .

Ralph: Tonight, our guest on "This is Your Life" is Deane Foster, one of the few men ever to collect his own life insurance. Mr. Foster is 107 years old . . . Tell me, sir, do you have anything to say? Will you say what we rehearsed this afternoon now, Mr. Foster? Deane? Are you all right? Will someone get me a mirror?

We know a guy who has the first discovered case of Beri-Beri in the last 50 years. How do you get rid of it? It's not contagious—he can't give it to anyone. He also has Bright's disease, but Bright doesn't have his . . .

\* \* \*

We saw a TV show which had a dermatologist on its panel. During the course of the program he mentioned that he just returned from treating a case of leprosy. The other panelists kept moving away from him. All through the show he kept scratching his face . . .

\* \* \*

## GET WELL SOON



A bitter controversy is raging between the editors of "PLAYBOY" magazine and SICK over who was the originators of the Early, Early Show idea of still pictures with captions. "PLAYBOY" contends that they had the idea over two years ago and since we just started publication last August, we "obviously stole the idea from them." This is not obvious to us. The truth of the matter is that SICK editors originated the idea of the Early, Early Show one day while sitting in a barbershop, reading a copy of PLAYBOY Magazine.

# EARLY EARLY SHOW

Reggie, how many times have I told you, you shouldn't drink if you don't know how to hold your liquor.

He says he's from Bethlehem in Judea and he wants to see Cecil B. DeMille.



Honestly, guys, I think the reason our cigarettes aren't moving is that we're packaging them all wrong.

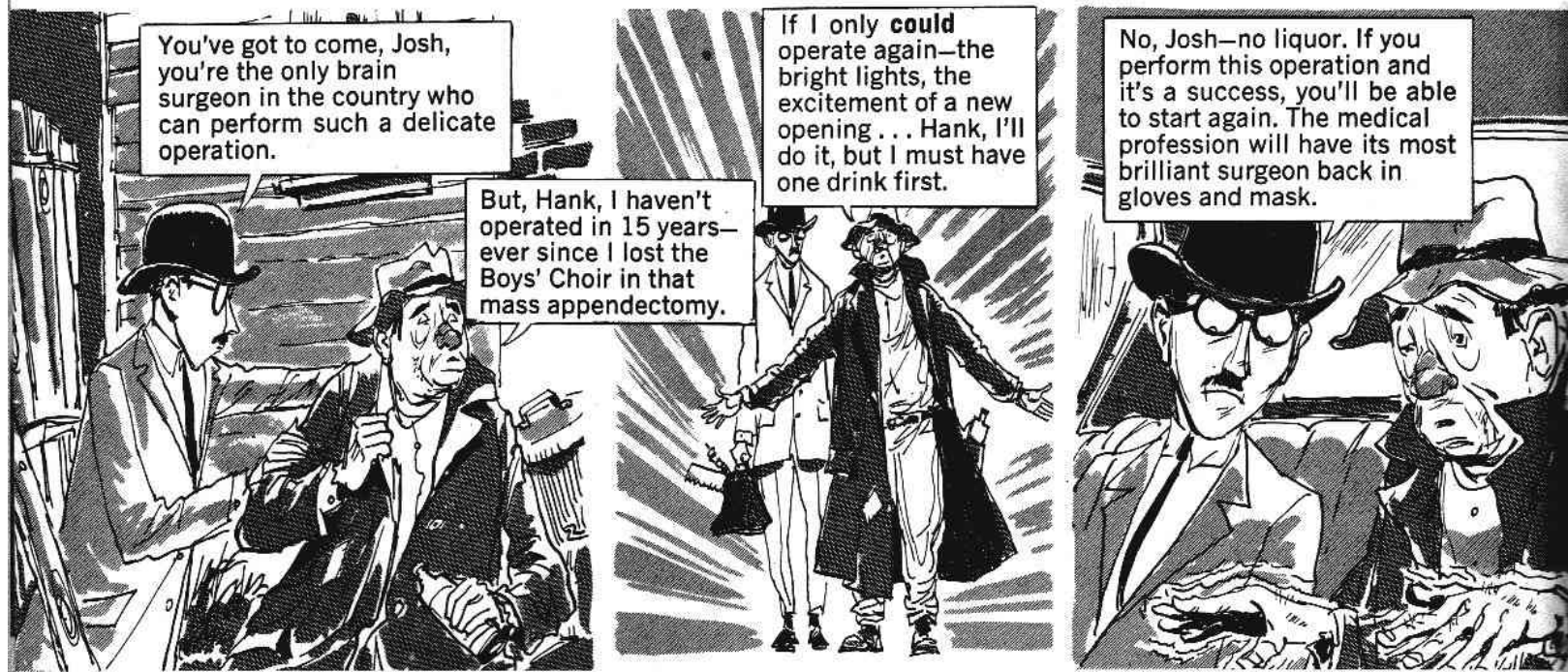
It's me. The fat, little old wine-maker, that's who.



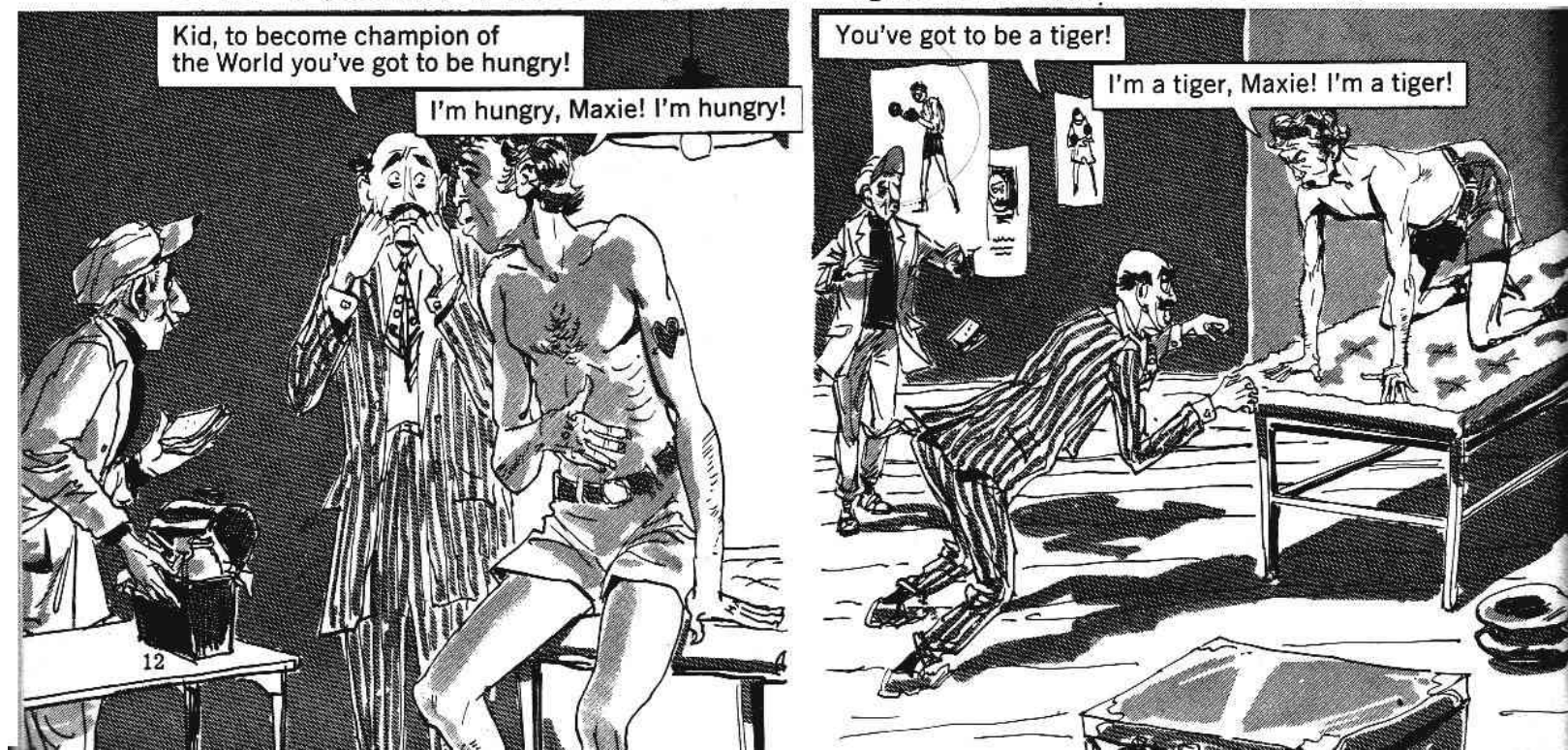
There are certain movie high spots that stand out in your memory. Like the scene of the guy attacking the mute girl... that happened in a movie house in Pittsburgh last year. Or the fist fight between Constance Moore and Yvonne DeCarlo in "New Orleans Lady"... That took place in the lobby of the theater after the premiere. One scene we always liked was the German Zeppelin crashing and bursting into flames... it took place in a pic-

# Our Favorite

## DELICATE OPERATION



## THE YOUNG PRIZEFIGHTER Fight manager is speaking





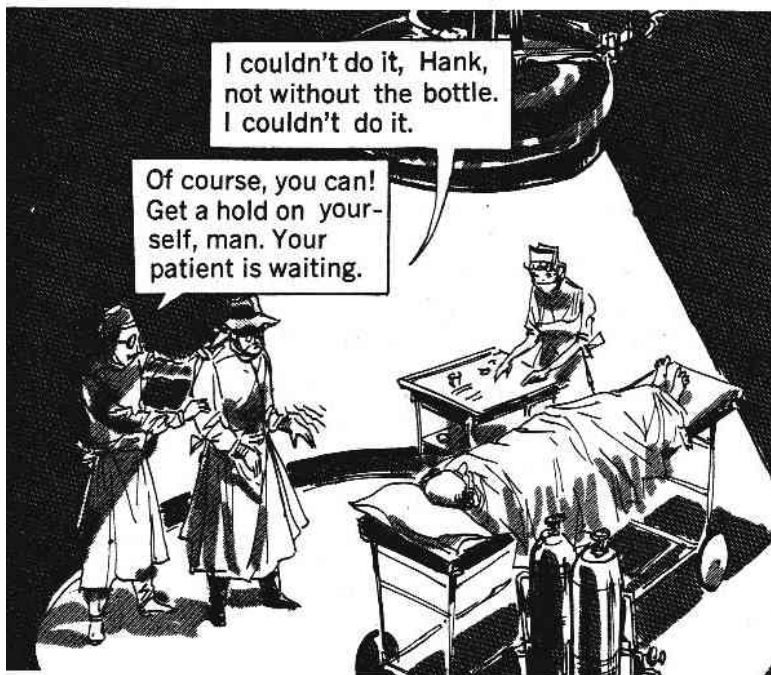
ture that came out in the 1930's called "News of the Day." That was a great movie, with Babe Ruth, Fiorello LaGuardia, Amelia Earhart and Wally Post. They don't make movies like that any more.

We hope some of the following scenes will bring back pleasant memories for you as we reminisce over...

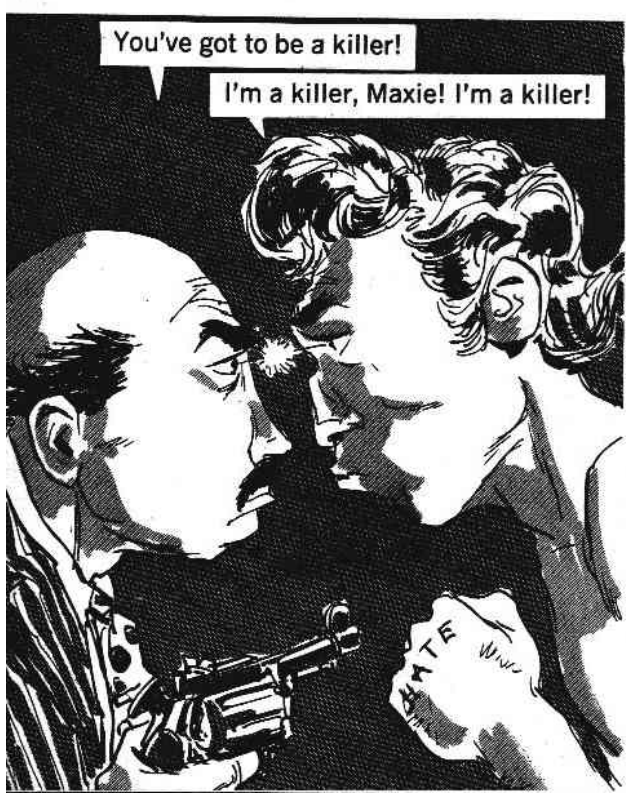
# Movie Scenes

By Dee Caruso and Bill Levine

Art by Ernest Schroeder



LATER...



You have to go into that ring and beat your opponent's ribs in... You've got to slice open his eyes until he's blinded with his own blood. You've got to tear apart his nose and shake his brains up until he's senseless. Then, when he's too dizzy to stay on his feet, you've got to finish him and leave him a broken hulk on the canvas. Well, Tiger, what do you think?





## THE COURTROOM Defense Attorney delivers his summation:

Your Honor, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, you may possibly have thought it a little strange that during the course of this trial, I have called no witnesses, and presented no evidence in my client's behalf. You might have thought this a little strange, particularly since my client is on trial here for his life. But there is a reason for this unusual procedure.

My client, Louie Tianti, is accused of blowing up Radio City Music Hall in Dayton, Ohio. This vial of explosives was found in his possession — — —

The district attorney claims this vial contains nitroglycerine. The state's entire case is based on the theory that there is an explosive inside this vial. Your Honor, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, I present Exhibit "A," this vial of pure liquid. To prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that there is nothing in it but pure water, I will open the vial and swallow its contents.



## THE MAIL RUN SCENE: Pilot's locker.

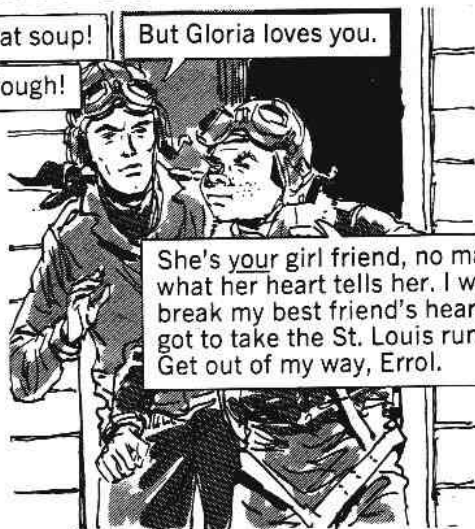
Jess, you can't go up in that soup!

But Gloria loves you.

The mail must go through!

I'm sorry I have to do this, Jess.

She's your girl friend, no matter what her heart tells her. I won't break my best friend's heart. I've got to take the St. Louis run. Get out of my way, Errol.



## THE INTERROGATION SCENE: Police headquarters

All right now, DaRose, are you going to tell us who was in this heist with you?

You want to tell us who tipped you off that the truck was carrying hooch?

We'll go easy on you, DaRose, if you tell us who engineered the job.

Nooo...

Nooo...

I'm not talking...





There . . . Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, I rest my case.

Members of the Jury, you may now retire and consider your verdict.

That won't be necessary, your honor. We find the defendant, Louie Tianti, not guilty.

Brilliant defense, Frank. What's wrong? You look a little sick? Would you like a Bromo-Seltzer?

Are you kidding? If I take a Bromo, I'll blow us all to Kingdom Come.

But he's unconscious.

He is.

That's okay—we'll bring him to after we tie him in the plane.

Who's taking the St. Louis run?

Come clean, DaRose, you can get ten to twenty for this job. Talk!!! Tell us who pulled it with you!

No . . .

All right, if you want to be difficult. Let's start with simple facts. We know your name is Victor DaRose, but by what name are you known to members of the underworld?

"BIG MOUTH."



Dee Caruso and Bill Levine, besides serving five to ten years on a breaking-and-entering charge, have written monologues for top stand-up comics and a few who have been flat on their backs. The imposing list includes Don Adams, Dick Van Dyke, Joey Bishop, Red Buttons, Rowan and Martin, and Allen and Rossi. For the ridiculously high price of SICK Magazine you gain access to monologues the likes of which these great entertainers pay ridiculously high prices for, in this department entitled... **MONOLOGUE FOR SICK COMICS.**

# THE WARDEN

Dear SICK Editors:

You seem obsessed with prisons and prison life. Every issue of SICK seems to have an article in this vein. It is my guess the editors were in prison and the articles are happy memoirs. Is there a prison article in your next issue?

Lenny Vito  
54 Orland Avenue  
Huntington Park, L.I.

ED: Yes. While we were in prison, we were fortunate enough to be sent to the rock island fortress, Alcatraz, run by the noted penologist, John J. Folsom. Warden Folsom is famous for his stirring welcoming talk to new inmates. His speech is known as the Gettysburg Address of the prison world.

Here then, is Warden Folsom delivering his Alcatraz Address to a line of new recruits—as we remember it...





All right, men, at ease. I want to welcome you to Alcatraz, the Big A, with one of my stirring welcoming speeches. I just jotted down a few words here on the back of an envelope.

There are 84,575 men held prisoner at Alcatraz. That includes the guards and myself. You should know that while you're here, you'll be living among sadists, psychopathic killers and vicious murderers. That will serve to introduce your guards...

First of all, you'll be given a number. You must remember that number as long as you are here. It won't be too difficult, the number will be printed across your chest at all times. What about when you take a shower? Don't worry, you'll still see it across your chest! We're tattooing this number on.

While you're on the Rock, you will dress informally in prison grey. You don't have to wear a tie. We had a salesman here from the garment area of New York and he insisted upon wearing a grey tie on his grey shirt.

Another prisoner insisted upon dressing for dinner. He used to wear white tie, tux, the works. He made the other men feel conspicuous at mealtime so we made him a head waiter.

While you're here, we want you to learn a trade. You can easily learn a trade from the other prisoners. We have embezzlers, safe-crackers, and counterfeiters in here, so keep your eyes and ears open and you may learn something. Recently, medicine has been added to our curriculum.

Next, I want to talk about the thing you're probably most interested in—escape. Escape is impossible. Alcatraz is surrounded with a wall sixteen-feet high and six feet thick. That wall is guarded by hundreds of trigger-happy guards employed by the prison. Beyond the wall is ten miles of ocean filled with thousands of man-eating sharks...also employed by the prison.

If you're thinking of buying your way out of here, forget it. One big shot thought he could... he tried to bribe the sharks...

About visiting day: visiting day is every Thursday at Alcatraz. During visiting day, you may visit with the guards and your fellow prisoners.

After my talk, you'll have your picture taken. These pictures are for the post office. In case they ever want to put your picture on a stamp.

About recreation: there are all sorts of recreation; football, baseball, boxing, and bowling. If we had a television set, we could get to watch some of them.

Friday nights we have movies here. We have all the late movies—from the late 30's and 20's. Have any of you seen "Tarzan's New York Adventure"? This was made when Tarzan was still played by C. Aubrey Smith. Johnny Weismuller was just a beardless youth of seventeen at the time. He played Jane...Lionel Barrymore played Boy...

If you're lucky and you behave yourself, you'll be made a trustee. A trustee has special privileges... He gets to squeal on his fellow prisoners.

We believe in the honor system here. If you have any honor, we'll knock it out of your system...



The Parole Board meets every six months, but don't get your hopes up. They have released only one man in seventy-five years. He was a member of the Parole Board...

Remember one thing—your cell is your home. Make it livable. How do you make a prison cell livable? Simple. You put up some drapes, hang a few pictures and nail a calendar to the wall.

We have an extensive library here. That was my wife's pet project before she went over the wall... In our library the escape fiction is most popular. Books like "How to Make a Rope Ladder" and "Ten Ways to Dig A Tunnel"...

Finally, I don't know if any of you are religious or not and it's none of my business. But I should inform you that here on Alcatraz we have a Protestant Minister, a Catholic Priest and a Jewish Rabbi. Each of them conducts regular services of their respective faiths. These clergymen are here to serve you. They're also here to serve ten to twenty years...





## SICK MONOLOGUE

# PEANUT



Whenever I want to do some light reading, I read the backs of candy wrappers. (TAKES OUT PEANUT BAG WRAPPER) Have you ever done that? The back of these wrappers can provide you with some good reading material or a fair nightclub act.



There was a big controversy when these bags first were made. They couldn't decide whether to make the bags transparent or opaque. They decided to make them transparent because no one at the factory knew what "opaque" meant. You'll notice that besides being transparent, you can also see through it.



It has a brief history of the company here, lists the company's officers and Board of Directors. And then it lists four cities — Richmond, San Francisco, Wilkes-Barre, and Toronto. Everybody thinks that the peanut plants are located in those cities. The peanut plants are in Brazil. These are the cities where the bags are grown.



People used to believe if you planted a peanut in your backyard a peanut bush would grow. This is an old wives' tale started by the old wives of the peanut manufacturers. If you plant peanuts in your backyard, the only thing you'll get is salty soil.



Now we come to the special offer they have on the back. It says: "With this bag and 35 cents you can get a mechanical pencil worth 25 cents." It says: "This pencil will be useful to every member of your family." Several members of my family can't read or write — I'm one of them. This peanut wrapper had to be read to me.



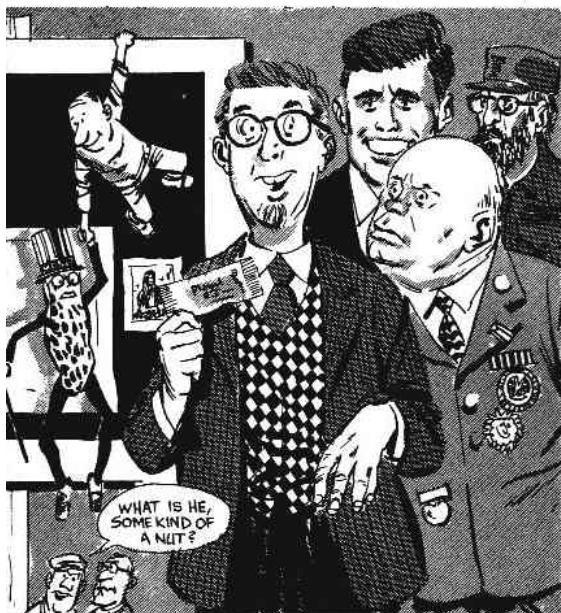
# WRAPPER



Now right here they list the ingredients — **"These salted peanuts are made from real peanuts and salt."** I bet you thought they were made from marshmallows and milk chocolate—that's peanut brittle.



Next it says **"Net weight ¾ oz. or 21.26 grams."** Apparently, they couldn't make up their minds. **"This bag is government inspected."** This has always bothered me. What does the government expect to find in there? Guns?

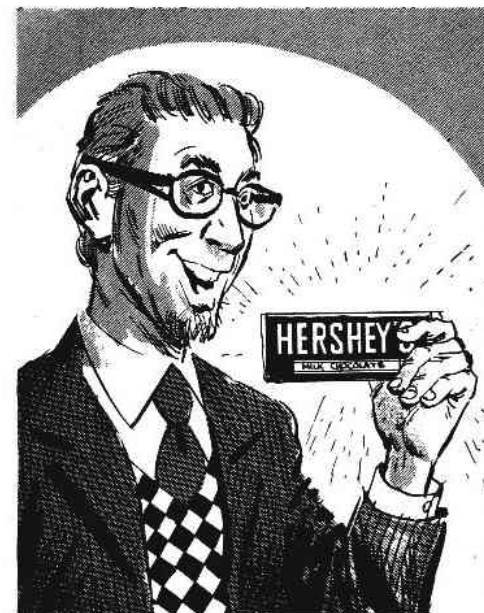


**"This offer not valid if it is unlawful in your state to issue coupons."** — or sell peanuts.

**"This offer is good only in the United States and its possessions."** You buy a five cent bag of peanuts and you get political overtones.




**"Send in three packages for the pencil."** It doesn't say whether you should empty the peanuts out of the package before you send them in. I suggest you don't empty the peanuts out of the package before you send them. It makes a pretty messy letter, but you'll drive the postman crazy wondering what's inside.



I could go on all night talking to you about peanut wrappers, but I just bought a Hershey bar (PULLS OUT HER-SHEY BAR) and I can't wait to get home and have someone read it to me.

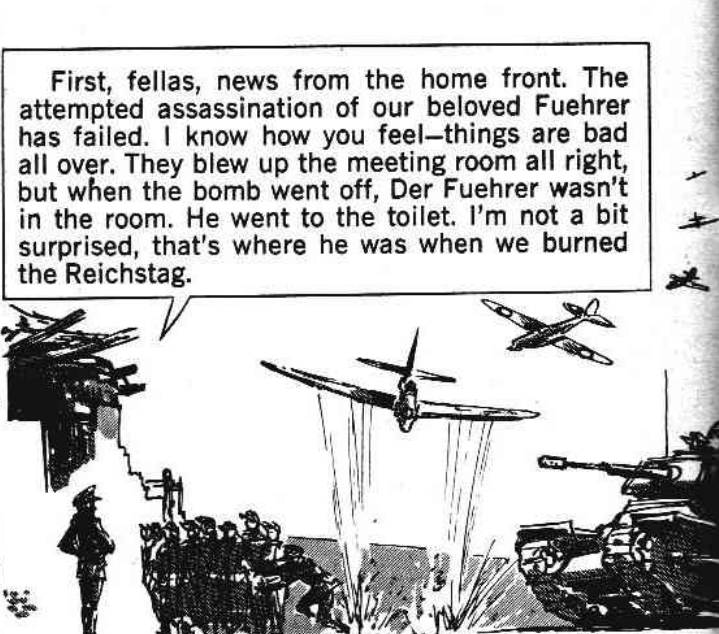
Throughout history, ever since Henry IV shouted "ONTO THE BEACH AGAIN, MY FRIENDS, WE WILL SPREAD OUT OUR BLANKETS!" stirring orations have rallied fighting men to heroic deeds of action. Here, from the annals of World War II, are—

# GREAT BATTLE SPEECHES

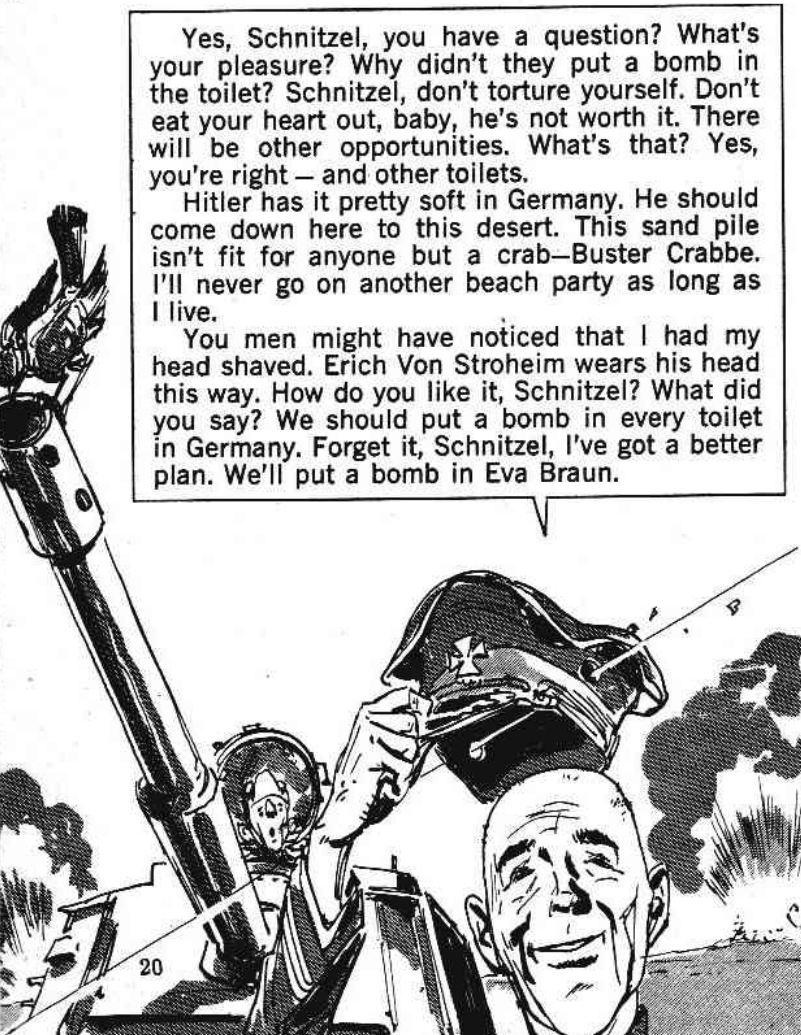


TROOPS, FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL!

All right, put down the hands. You shouldn't have to make such a fuss whenever I come into a room. Just show a little affection, is all I ask. If you should go on a trip, remember to write, even if it's just a card.



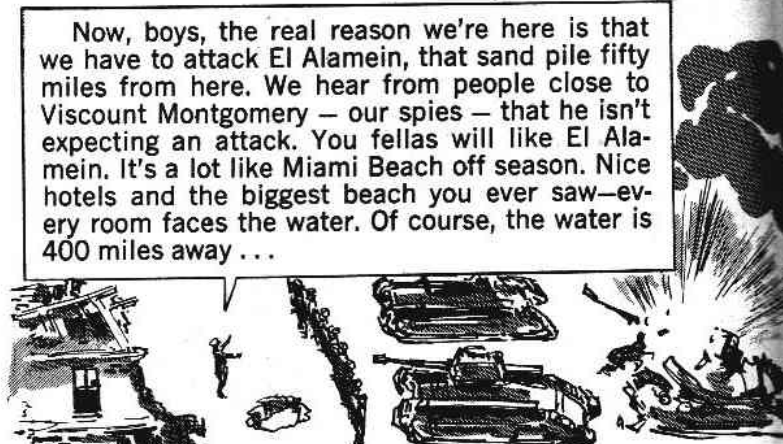
First, fellas, news from the home front. The attempted assassination of our beloved Fuehrer has failed. I know how you feel—things are bad all over. They blew up the meeting room all right, but when the bomb went off, Der Fuehrer wasn't in the room. He went to the toilet. I'm not a bit surprised, that's where he was when we burned the Reichstag.



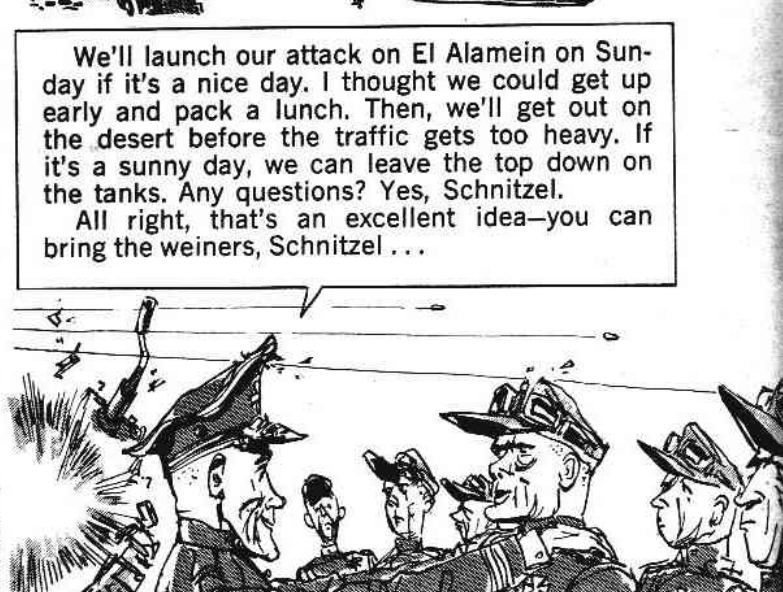
Yes, Schnitzel, you have a question? What's your pleasure? Why didn't they put a bomb in the toilet? Schnitzel, don't torture yourself. Don't eat your heart out, baby, he's not worth it. There will be other opportunities. What's that? Yes, you're right — and other toilets.

Hitler has it pretty soft in Germany. He should come down here to this desert. This sand pile isn't fit for anyone but a crab—Buster Crabbe. I'll never go on another beach party as long as I live.

You men might have noticed that I had my head shaved. Erich Von Stroheim wears his head this way. How do you like it, Schnitzel? What did you say? We should put a bomb in every toilet in Germany. Forget it, Schnitzel, I've got a better plan. We'll put a bomb in Eva Braun.



Now, boys, the real reason we're here is that we have to attack El Alamein, that sand pile fifty miles from here. We hear from people close to Viscount Montgomery — our spies — that he isn't expecting an attack. You fellas will like El Alamein. It's a lot like Miami Beach off season. Nice hotels and the biggest beach you ever saw—every room faces the water. Of course, the water is 400 miles away ...



We'll launch our attack on El Alamein on Sunday if it's a nice day. I thought we could get up early and pack a lunch. Then, we'll get out on the desert before the traffic gets too heavy. If it's a sunny day, we can leave the top down on the tanks. Any questions? Yes, Schnitzel.

All right, that's an excellent idea—you can bring the weiners, Schnitzel ...



## Jimmy Doolittle addresses pilots in briefing room of aircraft carrier . . .

Men, can I have your attention. I am General James Doolittle. Can you stop that card game for a minute? Come on, guys, this is a historic moment and I'd like to have everyone's attention before I begin. That's better. Now that you've broken up the card game, can someone turn the sound projector off. Fine—thanks for the cooperation.

Now, I know a lot of you pilots are wondering why we loaded heavy bomber planes aboard this aircraft carrier and then sailed so close to the Japanese mainland. None of you wondered about that? Pretty alert group we have here. Well, let's get an idea of just how alert you are. Stanger, why do you think we loaded this aircraft carrier with heavy bombers and then headed for the Japanese mainland?

You think we're going to sell the bombers to the Japanese. It might interest you to know, Stanger, that your government is not selling heavy bombers to the Japanese. We still sell scrap iron to the Japs which they then can make into heavy bombers, but that's different—that's free enterprise.

The reason we loaded the bombers on this carrier is that we are going to bomb Tokyo. Stanger, you have a question? Can a heavy bomber take off from the deck of an aircraft carrier? Good question. It shows you're thinking. So far, in a test run, only one heavy bomber ever took off successfully from an aircraft carrier. And that plane immediately sank in the ocean. That's how the U.S. Air Force got its first submarine.

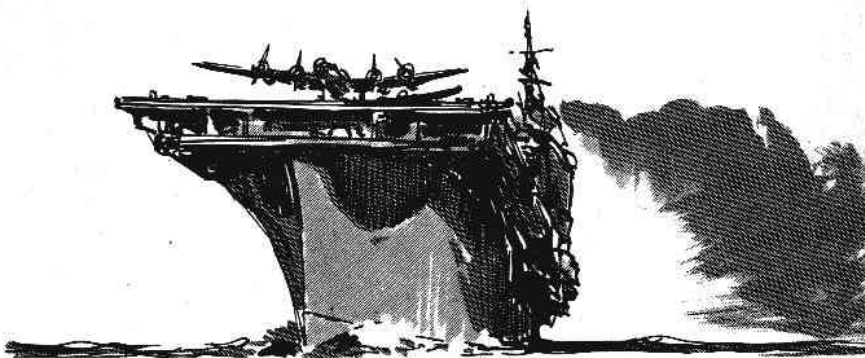
But if we can get these planes into the air, we'll all go directly to Tokyo. Point X on the map is a munitions factory. Point Y is the Japanese High Command and Point Z is one of the best Japanese-American restaurants in the Orient. In case you have to bail out and have a few hours to kill in Tokyo, I strongly recommend you stop here.

Now, if any of you are shot down and questioned by the Japs, don't tell them you took off from an aircraft carrier. Tell them you took off from Mitchell Airfield in Levittown. That will really upset them.

While we're over Japan, we'll be dropping incendiary bombs. No, Stanger, don't drop any shirts. I know they do a great job on the collars, but we don't know when we'll be back.

Any other questions? Will we return to the carrier? No, the carrier can't wait for us. After the bombing, you'll all fly back to San Francisco. I know it's a long trip, but we're prepared for that. We've set up an emergency landing field for those who can't make it all the way back to Frisco. The emergency field is in Santa Barbara.

Now, if you look out the portholes what do you see? Stanger, I'm sure you recognize that snow-capped mountain on the right . . . Good, Stanger, you've got it—it's Paramount Pictures. We'll drop our bombs right in the middle of the "V" for Vistavision . . .



Let's face it, the gals who write those advice to the lovelorn columns have their problems too, just like everybody else. If you were Dear Abbey or Dorothy Dix, it must be pretty nauseating to have to straighten out other peo-

ples' lives after you have just had a fist fight with your husband or learned your daughter has run away with the circus lion tamer.

On such days, the letters might sound something like this, in the column called —

# Dear Dorothy Sicks

Dear Dorothy Sicks:

"I am a woman 44 years old, whose husband left her 15 years ago. I thought that love had gone out of my life forever. Recently, I became attracted to a man who is 23 years my junior. Junior and I have been dating for two months now. Last week I met Junior's father, a widower, who lost his wife on a trip to Sidney, Australia. Junior's father also indicated affection for me.

Last Tuesday, my first husband returned. He told me he was suffering from amnesia, that he spent the last fifteen years in Trenton. To further complicate matters, today my husband is a confirmed alcoholic and has no recollection of whether he had remarried during his absence. What should I do?"

Mrs. J. C. of Scarsdale

Dear Mrs. Scarsdale:

Yours is a common problem facing every middle-aged woman. Let's quickly review what you have told us in your informative letter. You are a 17-year-old Australian amnesia victim. You are married to a confirmed alcoholic named Trenton. However, your true love, a man named Sidney, is 23 years your senior. His father, Sidney Senior, objects to your relationship. I think the solution to your problem is obvious—"Leave Trenton and go to Sidney..."

*Dorothy Sicks*

Dear Dorothy Sicks:

My husband beats me repeatedly, he goes out with other women and doesn't want to be seen with me socially. Miss Sicks, I suspect the romance has gone out of our marriage. What can I do to bring back the spark we had when we first married—two months ago?

*Mrs. M. G.*

Dear Mrs. M. G.:

Yours is a common problem facing every newlywed. After two months of marriage, the thrill is gone. Your husband has lost interest and is taking you for granted. This is only natural. However, I wouldn't say that the romance has gone out of your marriage. Look at your hus-

band—he's apparently having plenty of romance in his marriage. You ask me "Can you save your marriage?" You have to be more explicit—Save your marriage from what? I will give you the same advice I have given so many viewers with marital problems—Leave Trenton and go to Sidney...

Our next letter is a short one. It reads, Dear Dorothy SICKS: "Can a war over Berlin be avoided?" That letter was sent in by Mr. J. F. K. of Hyannis Port.

Dear Mr. J. F. K.: Khrushchev is making a lot of noise. He wrote me a letter with the same question last week and I told him "Nikita, you are riding high, but don't press your luck..."

Readers, that's all for today. I have to feed the lions...

—Dorothy SICKS

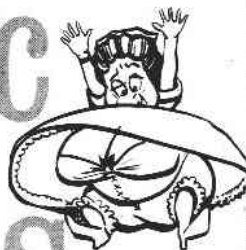


# MOVIE REVIEW

Here are Frederic March and Dick Clark, two of the stars of the film. Dick claims he learned a lot from March while making "Young Doctors." He learned how to make an incision, how to remove an appendix, and how to administer ether. Dick learned his lesson well. He put us to sleep.



## The Young Doc tors



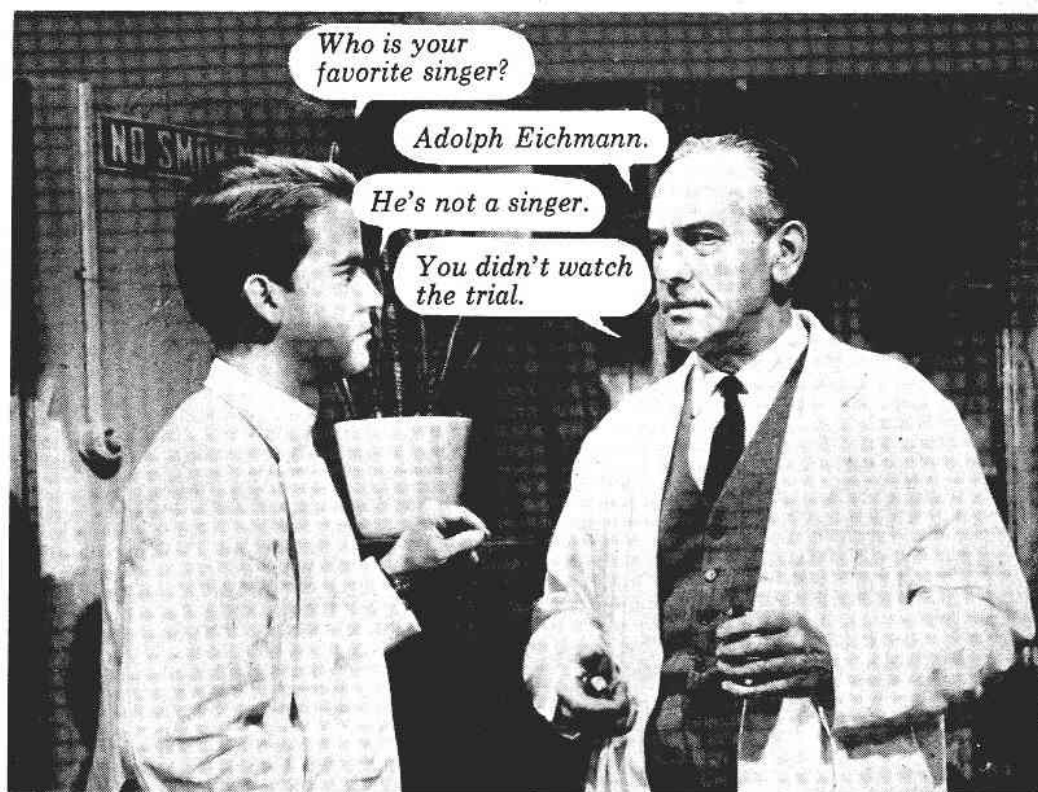
"Young Doctors" is the story of young doctors (Ben Gazzara and Dick Clark) pitted against the old (March and Eddie Albert). Albert tells March he's getting old—"Your eyes are going if you need to use that microscope."

"I only use it for reading," March replies.

Every movie about doctors reminds us of the Dr. Kildaire series. Remember Lew Ayres? Remember Lionel Barrymore? How old are you, anyway?

Every time we see a hospital movie we leave the theater wanting to get a checkup. This is a picture for the whole family—if they're all covered by Blue Cross. You'll like the story if you enjoy operations — other people's operations.

Unfortunately, the picture runs too long — one hour, twenty-eight minutes. They could easily cut one hour and twenty minutes out of it and have a tight, tense movie.



*I can stare down a statue.*

*Shakes hands with Mt. Rushmore.*

*This is my first autopsy.*

*I hope you don't get sick at the sight of blood.*

AUTOPSY  
MORGUE

In his previous movie, "Inherit the Wind," March played a lawyer. Now he plays a doctor. His mother always wanted him to be a professional man. The young doctor, Gazzara, is the master of underplay. He could stare down a statue. March plays a pathologist which is a doctor who finds lost paths — like osteopaths... Ben comes to the hospital to work under March, thus inspiring the film's title song, "Underneath the Marches"...



The nicest thing about "Young Doctors" are the young nurses. The film's love interest is supplied by Ina Balin as a nurse who faints at her first autopsy. Interns think she couldn't stand the sight of the corpse, but she later explains "I say Dick Clark with a knife in his hand and I thought he was going to sing 'Mack the Knife'."

*Our autopsy today is on an auto crash victim. That's why he's got a steering wheel where his rib cage should be.*

While performing the autopsy, March addresses the nurses: "Girls, I know you all entered nurses' training to get a husband, but until you trap one of the interns, you'll have to settle for this stiff. The stiff on the table, not me. In performing an autopsy, there are many things you are liable to find... sponges, forceps, stray thermometers, and back-dated issues of the Medical Journal. I'll never forget one autopsy

I performed. We opened up the patient and he had a fluorescent light bulb inside him. Seems the surgeon was performing an appendectomy and asked for more light... I should warn you, before we begin, against a sick stomach. You can usually detect a sick stomach by a sick digestive tract. I suspect this patient has a sick stomach because his tongue has a white coat on it. I believe, it's ermine.





*I saw you and Ina practicing mouth-to-mouth respiration.*

*If March were Mt. Rushmore, he'd have Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint crawling all over him.*

*All right now, Adolph tell us again, you were just taking orders...*

Woman doctor, Aline MacMahon, knows Ben is in love with Ina.



Phyllis Love in the role of a young intern's wife, has a premature baby. It was born four months after they got married. The baby is in an incubator and weighs only four pounds soaking wet which is the way it's usually found.



March instructs Dick Clark, the father, on care of the new child. "I want him to have a normal childhood, get plenty of sunshine. So let him out of the incubator at least twice a day. The incubator is only temporary. You can discard it once the child is fourteen years old."

The film ends with March retiring, confident that the young doctors can fill the gap he leaves behind. When veteran actor March decides to leave the Hollywood scene for good, he will leave a gap that will indeed not be as easily filled.



Mr. March, what's the difference between making movies in Hollywood and acting on the Broadway stage?

About 3,000 miles.

**SUMMING UP:** Lighthearted fun... With a plot as refreshing as a fever chart.

When Jack Paar isn't causing an international incident to set off World War III, he heads a TV program that features 3,000 commercials (that's in the first hour) and a panel of Know-It-Alls. In between commercials and "More to Come" slides, the Paar People sit around spouting magnificent gems of insignificant knowledge.

Hugh Downs, Paar's Alter Ego, recently told a spellbound studio audience

# Jack Paar's

If Richard Nixon is elected governor of California, his first official act will be to annex Quemoy and Matzu...

After Bela Lagosi's funeral, Boris Karloff left the church laughing. He explained his behavior to reporters with: "I caught the bouquet."

Cuban troops are training now in Miami Beach to invade St. Petersburg... Spying is so extensive in British atomic energy plants that 7 out of 10 scientists working there are foreign spies. The other three scientists are British spies.

The Russians right this are experimenting with super bomb. When they bomb on a country, it destroy property and it people. Instead, this bomb in the country and fixes

The next big price-fixing scandal in the electrical business will involve Thomas Edison... Senator Jacob Javits could have been Richard Nixon's running mate in the last election, but he refused, when they told him he would have to convert to Catholicism and marry Eleanor Roosevelt.

... Adolph Eichmann's attorney planned to call a surprise witness—Benito Mussolini... But Benito couldn't make it. He was tied up... People are claiming that Central Park, in the center of New York City, has turned into a jungle. Last week a guy got killed there by a spear.

Indians today still use smoke signals as their principal means of communication. I know this because recently I saw an Indian spend the better part of a day answering a forest fire.

CBS will televise flight to the moon already have a Kraft Cheese... fishing boat, spying American mainland recently in Lake Michigan. It's the second Red go down—the other pool at the Philadelphia YMCA...



that there are alligators in the New York sewerage system—a choice bit of information which sent Johnny Weissmuller diving down a manhole in Manhattan with a knife clenched in his teeth.

One night recently, the guests were in rare form. The show went something like this on...



# KNOW-IT-ALLS



this minute with a new they drop this, it doesn't and it doesn't kill bomb settles fixes elections.

During World War II the U.S. government spent millions of dollars trying to convince people that "A slip of the lip can sink a ship." But the Japs didn't believe them—they used torpedoes.

Now Indians can send smoke signals-at night. They use electric blankets...

There is a man in Mexico who is 140 years old. But he says he feels like 160. The man is totally dependent on the care of his mother.

revise the first moon. They a sponsor—e... A Russian spying on the mainland, was sunk Lake Michigan. and Red boat to the other sank in a Philadelphia

... Albert Schweitzer will return to the United States next year to begin a hospital in Montgomery, Alabama... Africans call Schweitzer "White Witch Doctor"—he cured over 100 white witches last year.

... The reason the Joe DiMaggio-Marilyn Monroe marriage didn't work out is she didn't want children. They will remarry in June and adopt Phil Rizzuto

The Russians are so afraid of the Red Chinese, they haven't even told them yet that Stalin is dead





# THE AGENT

Hi, Josh. I've got you a swell part in Metro's new religious epic, "King of Kings".

Wonderful: Who do I play? One of the three wise men?

Not quite ...

Is it Joseph? Saint Paul? One of the Disciples?

No, Josh, you play Pontius Pilate. You've got a great bathing scene in the picture. You wash your hands—

Pontius Pilate? Are you nuts? Why can't you get me a sympathetic role for a change? Do I have a love interest in the picture, at least?

Yes. You love power.

Tyrone Power? No, I'm sorry. I didn't mind shooting Lincoln and I went along with the Adolph Eichmann role because I tried to make it a little lovable. But I draw the line at Pontius Pilate. What are you trying to do, make me another Vincent Price? All I play is villains. Who's playing the title role—the King of Kings?

Vincent Price ...



Gunther, this is the greatest dog act in show biz history. This dog is another Dean Martin.

What does he do?

He sings like Dean Martin.

He dances like Dean Martin.

He jokes like Dean Martin.

and he acts like Dean Martin.

Great. We'll put him on TV and make a fortune.

No—he can't go on TV.

Why not?

He also drinks like Dean Martin.



Have you ever wondered what it would be like to have a...

# DATE WITH The Mind Reader

(We know you have, we can see it in your eyes)

Good evening, Cynthia, how are you? Wait—don't tell me. Just *concentrate* on how you are. I'm getting an impression—Think hard. You are feeling fine, although you had a slight headache earlier in the evening. Where do you want to go for dinner, Cynthia? Don't tell me—I see a restaurant—they're serving spicy food... Italian? No, Mexican food. After dinner, should we go to the theater? No—a movie. Which movie? "Guns of Navarone"? You saw that? You want... to see... a comedy—a spicy comedy... Mexican? No, Italian — "Gidget Goes Hawaiian." After the movie, can we come back here for coffee and sit by the fire? Why not, Cynthia? You don't like me enough. I've been seeing you for a year, Cynthia, why don't you like me? What's wrong with us? Tell me, Darling?





Pete Martin is the Roving Hollywood Reporter for the Saturday Evening Post, which is also a quality magazine. Pete visits everybody who is anybody in show business. Marilyn Monroe once said of Pete: "He's a nice guy to have visit you, but I wouldn't want him to live with me." There's one person Pete never visited and we always wished he did, so here is how it might be if...

# Pete Martin Visits King Kong

## A SICK Biography

King Kong was one of the most convincing actors of our time. He was the only dramatic actor to do a love scene on top of the Empire State Building. He'd still be doing that love scene if the planes hadn't shot him down.

Kong was one of Hollywood's biggest stars and yet his story is the most tragic of all success stories. While it is tragic, it is also amusing—if tragedy amuses you.

Kong, of course, is dead today. He died in 1957 of knife wounds while undergoing minor surgery in a Hollywood hospital, but his agent, Willie Pherson is still living in Beverly Hills and recently I visited him.

"Willie, do you remember King Kong?"

"Of course, he was a great ape. On and off the screen... A great ape."

"You just returned from a tour of the Far East. Did you like Hong Kong?"

"A great ape... On or off... A really great ape."

"Where did you discover King Kong?"

"In a Miami niteclub. A guy told me they had a gorilla who played *Beautiful Dreamer* on the piano sitting on a revolving stage which a young girl held over her head. I said I was only interested in novelty acts.

"I went down to see him work anyway. Kong sang, danced, and played the piano. He did everything you would expect a gorilla to do in a niteclub act. The act was a bit unusual—because Kong didn't do any impressions."

"Kong couldn't do impressions?"

"It plagued him throughout his career. He always wanted to do John L. Lewis. I forgot about the gorilla until I got back to the West Coast and got a call from Sid Zugsman. He said he needed a gorilla for his new movie. I asked, 'Does he have to do impressions?' Sid answered, 'no,' and I said 'I've got your man.' I flew to Miami, but learned King Kong had returned to Africa.

"I took a plane and three days later I was leading a safari into the deepest part of Africa."



What's the cell for—a guest room for Lawrence Tierney?

Kong can't work in a small room.

King Kong and his devoted agent, Willie Pherson, when they first arrived in Hollywood. The studio built a cage in King Kong's Beverly Hills home. The gorilla was furious until he learned the cage was for his agent.

"Weren't you afraid of the wild animals in the jungle?"

"No, because I learned something in Africa. A wild beast will not attack you unless you give him reason—any reason. We took a jeep into the jungle on the first day. Suddenly giraffes, pelicans and monkeys were running on all sides of us. The animals were frightened by something in the jungle. We later learned it was our jeep.

"I found Kong. He was appearing in an African niteclub in the club's American Room.

"As I entered the club, Kong was playing *Beautiful Dreamer* on the revolving stage. He saw me and said, 'I know what you're going to ask me. Do I know any other numbers besides *Beautiful Dreamer*. Yes—I know *Tiger Rag*.'

"That's a jump number."

"Not the way I play it. It sounds like *Beautiful Dreamer* when I play it."

(Continued on page 32)

"Who did you study under?"

"A guy who knew *Beautiful Dreamer* backwards."

"How do you play *Beautiful Dreamer* backwards?" I asked.

"Easy. You just turn the piano stool around."

I took Kong in to see Sid Zugsman. I told Kong he was the top Hollywood producer. Kong took one look at Zugsman and said, 'I don't go to bed with nobody.' Kong had acquired some misconceptions about Hollywood.

"I told Zugsman, 'Here's the star for your new picture.'

"You want me to star this gorilla in *Little Miss Marker*?"

"No, the gorilla picture."

Zugsman looked Kong over. "Do you think you'd be able to climb the Empire State Building? Can you work with Fay Wray?"

I objected. "Fay Wray — that tiger! She's treacherous."

"Don't worry, we'll keep her caged up between scenes. Her trainer will be right on the set."

From the beginning Kong liked the girls. His name was linked romantically with a chain of Hollywood starlets. It was said he was in love with Fay Wray, but they never married because of a difference in ages—a difference in her ages.

That's how the movie *King Kong* was started. It introduced two of America's darlings of the screen, King Kong and Fay Wray. What a love match.

"Were the stories about their off-screen romance all publicity?"

"I don't know. I never interfered with Kong's private life. Once I saw them together in his apartment in Bel Air. Kong was sitting at the piano playing *Beautiful Dreamer* while Fay was holding the revolving stage up over her head. You know Kong let only one other girl do that."

"The girl in the Miami niteclub. What ever became of her?"

"She got a job with a dixieland jazz band—holding up the revolving stage while they played on it."

"There were some great scenes in *King Kong*, like the scene where he tears down the 3rd Avenue L. How did they get that effect?"

"Kong tore down the 3rd Avenue L. He did all his own stunt work."

"What about Fay Wray? The last we saw of her she was on the top of the Empire State Building in that famous love scene. What became of her?"

"She took the elevator down. MGM offered her a singing and dancing role in a Dick Powell musical, but she couldn't sing or dance."

"That didn't stop Ruby Keeler. How did Kong like Hollywood?"





"Kong spent his entire life in the jungle surrounded by beasts of prey. He was right at home in Hollywood."

"Kong made a lot of money on his first picture, didn't he?"

"Yes, but he lived high. It costs him \$6 for a haircut. After *King Kong*, he made *Mighty Joe Young*."

"I didn't know he was in that."

"He played Robert Armstrong, the trainer. After *Mighty Joe Young*, I took Kong to see Sid Zugsman. Kong looked at Zugsman and said, 'I don't go to bed with anybody.' You can't shake some people of their prejudices. Zugsman said he had a new picture for Kong. 'It's the story of a young heiress who takes a trip to Africa and meets a gorilla.'"

"In Africa?"

"No, on the boat . . . Well, what do you think, Kong?"



**King Kong in London. He was a smash at the Palladium. He took ten curtain calls until they put a phone in his dressing room.**

"What part do I play?"

"The gorilla."

"Must I always play the heavy? Must gorillas always play the parts of beasts of the jungle or railroad porters? I thought you were going to get me the part of Sportin' Life in *Porgy and Bess*?" Kong thought people hated him because he was black. 'Would they like me better if I was a polar bear?' he would ask . . . or 'Would you let your sister date me?' My sister would go out with anybody—she went out with Admiral Byrd to the South Pole and married a polar bear.

"Zugsman tried to talk him into the role, 'Your fans expect it of you. With luck we can get Fay Wray to play the heiress.'"

Where do they think they are—Jackson, Mississippi?

We'll take this to the Supreme Court. He only drank twenty-four bottles of booze.



Right—we'll make a Federal case of it.

**After the incident on the Empire State Building, Kong was confined to a cage by court order. He could have filed an appeal. Instead he appealed for a file.**

"I won't work with that animal. Get Vic Mature."

"Zugsman got William Bendix—the picture was *The Hairy Ape*. It was a great picture and Kong broke up after it came out. He had turned down his best dramatic role. He played in several grade-C movies after that. Once he provided the love interest for Lon Chaney, Jr.—His public deserted him. People forget so quickly. I used to take the big gorilla into a restaurant and nobody recognized him anymore."

"When did Kong begin drinking?"

"About the same time. 'Take one, Willie,' he used to say, 'It'll put some hair on your chest.' Kong drank constantly in the next ten years. I saw him go on the wagon only once—that was for an hour."

"Was he dangerous when drunk?"

"Not usually. But once he climbed the Empire State Building looking for Fay Wray. We had to threaten to send planes up after him to get him to climb down."

"Did you ever handle any more gorillas?"

"No, the public won't buy gorillas. Now, all I handle is romantic, sensitive actors."

"Who's your latest client?"

"Steve Reeves. A great ape."

"Where did you discover Steve?"

"In a Rome niteclub—in the club's Parisian room. He was holding up a revolving stage over his head. Steve can't play *Beautiful Dreamer* frontwards or backwards."

# Sickiatriy

Won't you sit down and tell me what's your trouble?

I take things, Doctor. I can't control myself—I just have to take things.

Kleptomania is not an uncommon malady.

But, Doctor, I *swallow* things I take. You see, as a child I was frightened by a boa constrictor. It invaded the village where we lived. I was lost for two days. My mother finally found me wrapped around a tree.

When does this mania come over you?

All the time...

It's murder when I go to a party. First, the food disappears and then all of the furniture, then the guests.

You see, ever since I was a child I've had this uncontrollable urge to take up things and put them into my mouth. What do you think, Doctor, is there any hope for me?

Yes, these conditions can often be controlled if not cured. Here, get this prescription filled. Take two of these pills before every meal.

I couldn't do that, Doctor.

Why not?

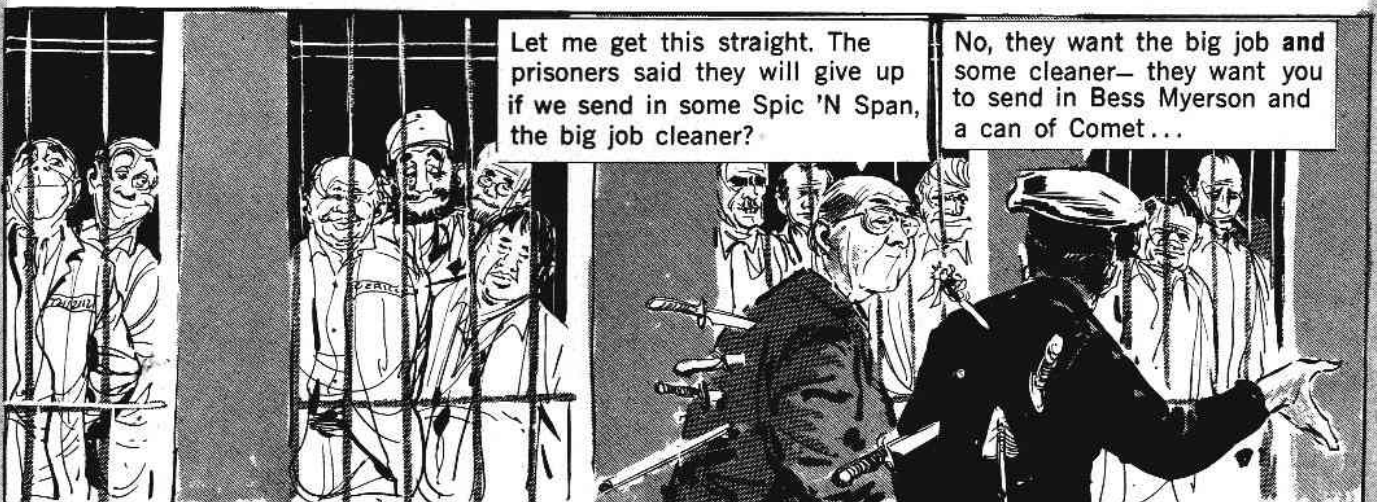
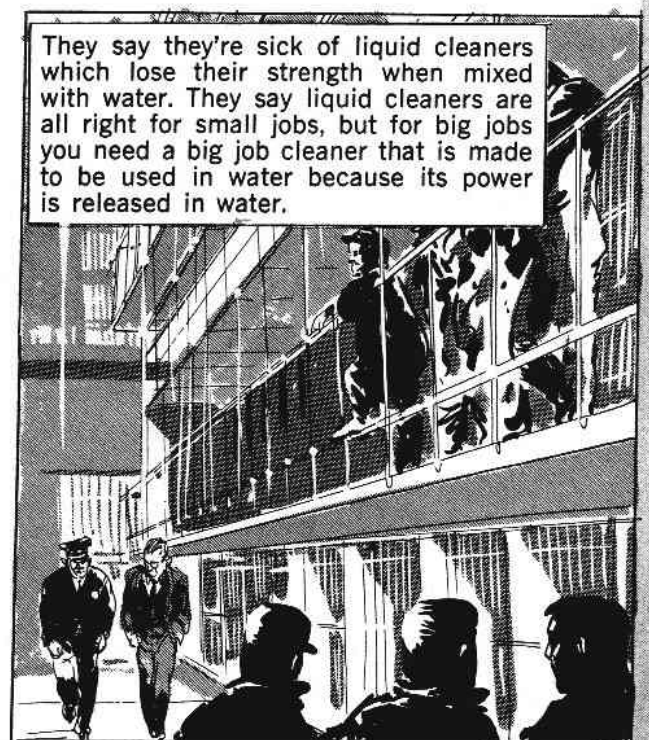
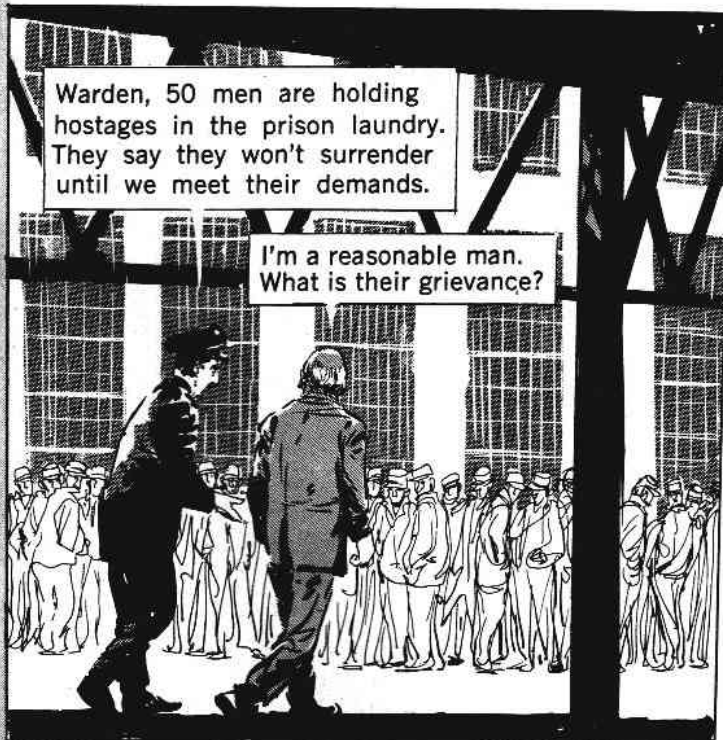
I'm one of those people who just can't swallow pills...



# SICK NEWSREEL...

Today the papers are filled with news of nuclear fallout, crisis in West Berlin, cannibalism in the Congo, things like that. But we don't mind these depressing news reports because we don't read them. The stories that interest us are Dick Nixon shooting a hole-in-one, Rita Hayworth (recently divorced from Arthur Hill) seen entering a Hollywood niteclub with actor Gary Merrill, recently divorced from actress Bette Davis, and columnists describing Rita as being "over the hill." Stories like the one about actor Kurt Borholtz, who hates to be described as a Teutonic James Dean, and drove his car into a tree last week. Those are the news releases that brighten our day.

## headline: CONS RIOT IN PRISON LAUNDRY



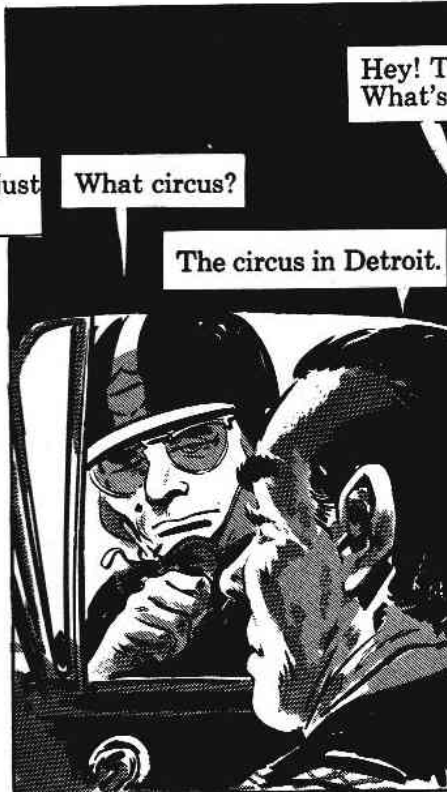
## NEWS ITEM:

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A lion named Waldo was found in the back seat of a parked car. Police placed the lion and his tamer under arrest. The lion's trainer said they had driven all over the country together and never had any trouble before.

*We bet he never gets a ticket, either . . .*



There's no fire, officer. I'm just going to the circus.



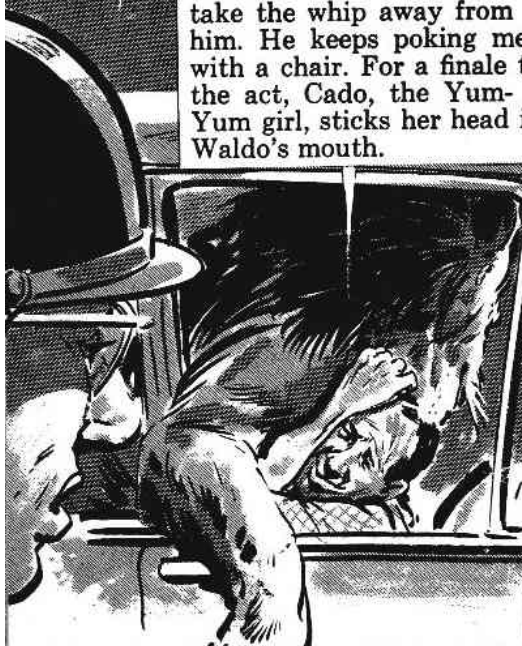
Hey! That's a lion back there! What's a lion doing in the back seat?

It's my turn to drive . . . He won't hurt you as long as he's well fed.



That's not the way the act should be. You should be cracking the whip . . .

I know that, but I can't take the whip away from him. He keeps poking me with a chair. For a finale to the act, Cado, the Yum-Yum girl, sticks her head in Waldo's mouth.



Where's the Yum-Yum girl now?

We lost her in Columbus. While she had her head in his mouth, Waldo sneezed. But he's usually very tame. I brought him up since he was a pup. He's just like my dog. He eats like a dog, he sleeps like a dog and he plays like a dog. He has one fault.



What's that?

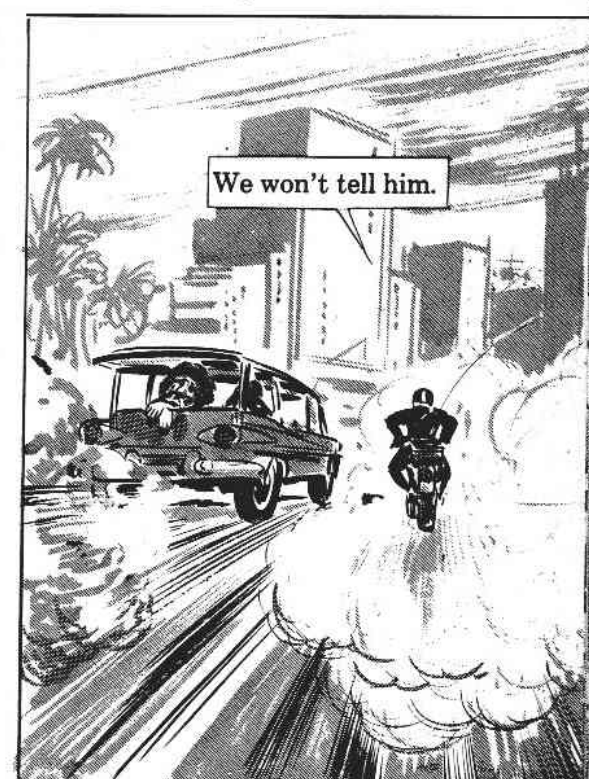
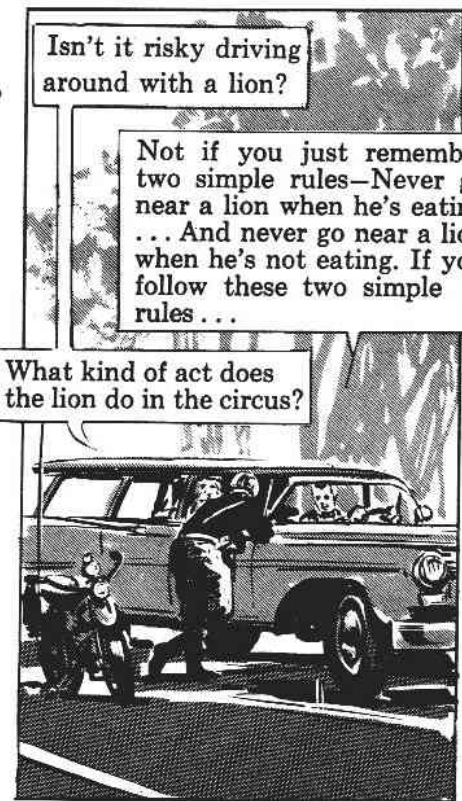
He chases motorcycles.





And that's how you have to go through life, looking on the bright side. Like the story of the guy who had been in a bad auto crash and suffered a severe scar which ran all the way from his forehead down to his chin. He went to a plastic surgeon who happened to be an optimist. The patient, pointing to the gash down the side of his face said, "Doctor, I want to get rid of this unsightly scar." The doctor looked at the man closely and said, "Scar? Why it's hardly noticeable." That's the kind of man we admire. He probably never heard of atomic fallout — probably doesn't even know they've discovered the atom bomb. You ask a man like that if he thinks Khrushchev will attack us and his answer will be "Khrushchev who?"

If you wish to practice similar avoidism, here's your chance as SICK looks at the "significant" news around the world ...



# New Mirror

## BULL WINS!

MADRID, SPAIN—Miguel, famous Spanish torero, was gored in the ring yesterday afternoon.



Miguel, you were gored badly!

I am disgraced in front of all those people screaming and yelling, the crowd shouting "OLE!"; the band playing and the señoritas and the muchachos hollering.



You must not torture yourself, Miguel, it is no disgrace to be gored in the ring.

But in front of the people screaming and yelling, the crowd shouting "OLE!"; the band playing and the señoritas and muchachos hollering . . . I'll never be able to go back into the ring again.



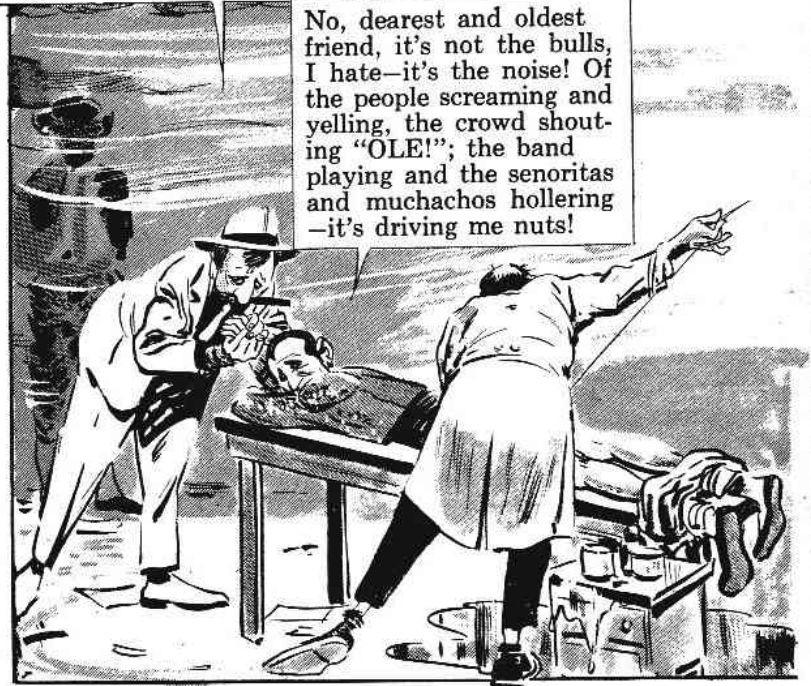
Don't say that, Miguel, you are a great torero.

It's true, I could not go into the ring and face the people screaming and yelling, the crowd shouting "OLE!"; the band playing and the señoritas and the muchachos hollering.



What is it, Miguel? I am your dearest and oldest friend. Tell me the truth. Are you afraid of the bulls? Is that why you don't want to go back into the ring?

No, dearest and oldest friend, it's not the bulls, I hate—it's the noise! Of the people screaming and yelling, the crowd shouting "OLE!"; the band playing and the señoritas and muchachos hollering—it's driving me nuts!

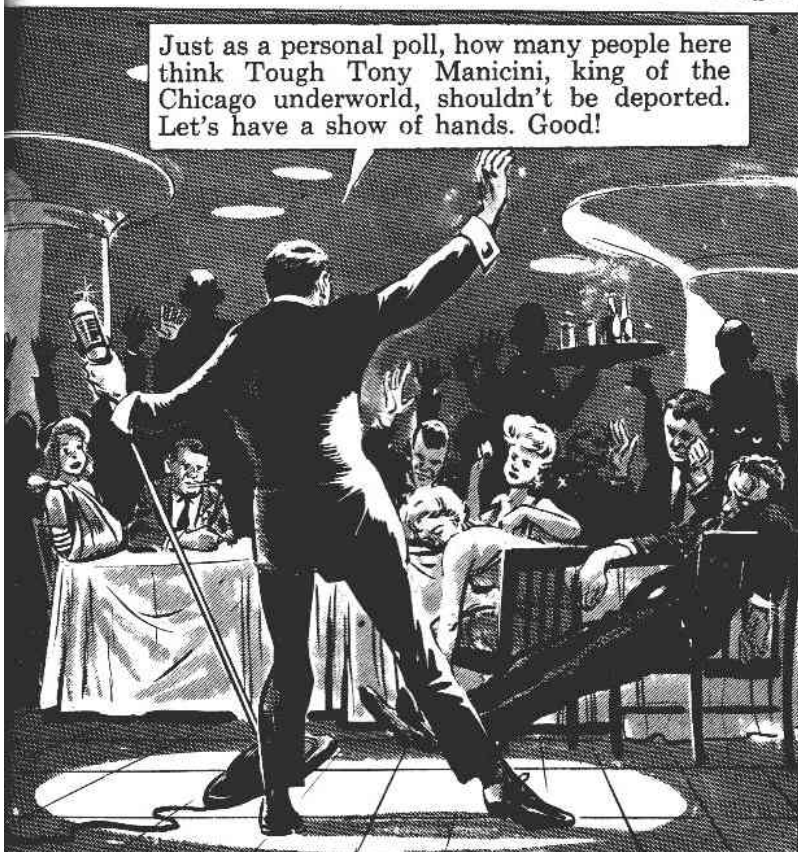




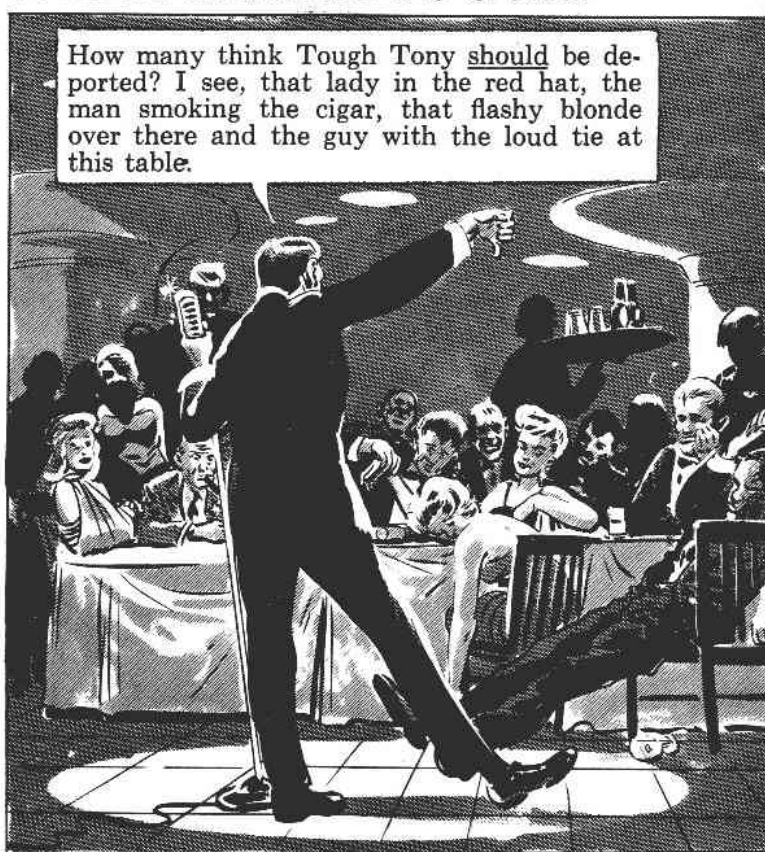
# HEADLINE: COURT ORDERS GANGSTER DEPORTED

SCENE: Niteclub in Chicago. A comic addresses the crowd.

Just as a personal poll, how many people here think Tough Tony Manicini, king of the Chicago underworld, shouldn't be deported. Let's have a show of hands. Good!



How many think Tough Tony should be deported? I see, that lady in the red hat, the man smoking the cigar, that flashy blonde over there and the guy with the loud tie at this table.



Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce, sitting here at ringside, "Tough Tony" Manicini, king of the Chicago underworld. There they are, Tony - The lady in the red hat, the man smoking the cheap cigar, that flashy blonde over there and the guy with the loud tie at this table...



HEADLINE:

# Empire State Building Sold

**NEW YORK**—The world's tallest structure, the Empire State building, was sold to Mr. Lawrence A. Wein. Over 1,500,000 sightseers visited the 102 story building last year...

What New York papers don't know is that Mr. Wein intends to convert the building into a private apartment for his wife and himself. We can imagine the dialogue when a man breaks news like this to his wife:

DEAR YOU KNOW THE APARTMENT  
IN TOWN YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED?

YES, DEAR....

I BOUGHT IT TODAY— THE **EMPIRE  
STATE** BUILDING ON WEST 34<sup>TH</sup> ST.

HOW MUCH  
DID YOU PAY  
FOR IT?

65 MILLION  
DOLLARS.

THAT'S A GOOD BUY  
IF YOU LIKE **TALL  
BUILDINGS**, BUT  
HOW WILL WE  
KEEP IT CLEAN?

WE'LL HAVE A GIRL COME  
IN **TWO DAYS** A WEEK.  
I THINK YOU'LL LIKE LIVING  
THERE. IT'S A **REAL SHOW  
PLACE**—1,500,000 PEOPLE  
VISITED IT LAST YEAR.

I'LL HAVE TO  
PREPARE A  
LOT OF  
**MEALS**. HOW  
TALL IS IT?

102 STORIES,  
BUT DON'T  
**WORRY**—IT'S  
AN ELEVATED  
APARTMENT.

I DON'T KNOW,  
**DEAR**, I STILL  
THINK I'D  
PREFER  
SOMETHING  
SMALLER.

SOMETHING  
**SMALLER??**  
HOW ABOUT  
THE CHRYSLER  
BUILDING?

NO IT'S **TOO CLOSE**  
TO THE GRAND  
CENTRAL STATION.  
THE TRAINS ARE  
**TOO NOISY**. WE'LL  
TAKE THE EMPIRE  
STATE...

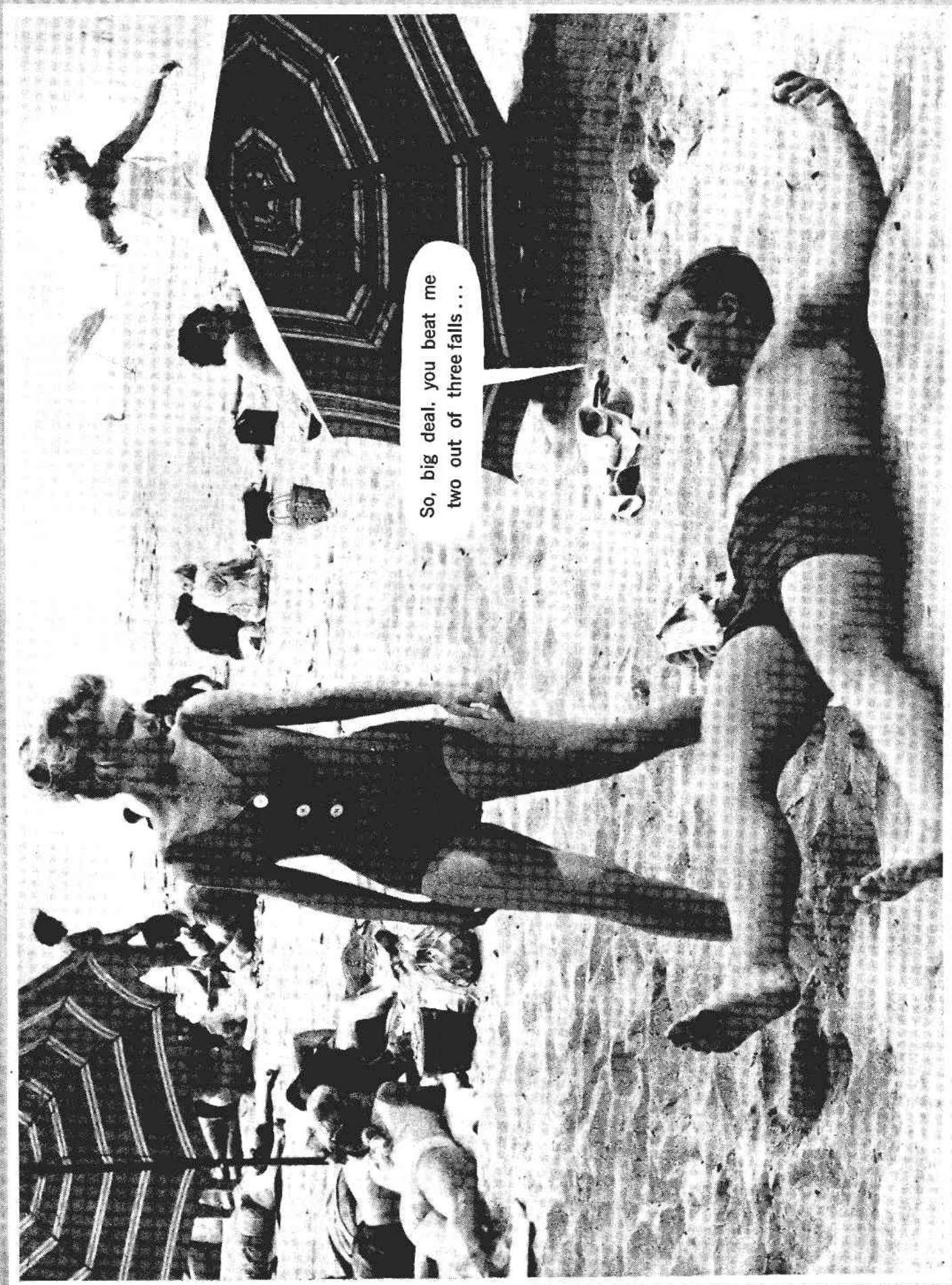
THERE'S **ONE  
CATCH**—THE  
PRUDENTIAL  
INSURANCE  
COMPANY  
OWNS THE  
**LAND**

WHAT IF  
THEY WON'T  
**SELL** IT  
TO US?

THEY OWN A LOT OF PROPERTY.  
IF THEY WON'T SELL US THE LOT  
ON 34<sup>TH</sup> ST. WE'LL **MOVE** THE  
BUILDING SOMEWHERE ELSE.  
THEY OWN A LOVELY LOT IN THE  
MEDITERRANEAN CALLED THE **ROCK  
OF GIBRALTER**.

I'D LIKE THAT.  
IF WE LIVED  
THERE WE'D  
GET A **BETTER  
CLASS** OF  
TOURISTS.







## Interview.

Today, The Columbian Broadcasting Sickstem continues to interview men with odd occupations. Our subject is Rodney Dangerfield, a skywriter director. As the name implies, Mr. Dangerfield directs...

# The Sky

Mr. Dangerfield, why do skywriters need a director here on the ground?

The skywriter can't see what he is doing—he is too close to his work.

How does one get started in this business?

In this business you've got to start as a pilot in the sky and work your way down.

What kind of planes do you direct?

I direct anything that flies. My biggest job each year is getting migrating birds headed south.

Don't you hear a plane?

I don't hear anything.

Is it true that the Wright brothers invented Sky Writing?

No, it was the Skywright Brothers... Now, Muldoon, let's get it right today.

He's quite a good pilot up there.

He's all right—but he has one drawback—vowels—he can't make them. It sort of limits business.

Now, Muldoon, the first letter for today is "P" as in Peter.

What is he doing?

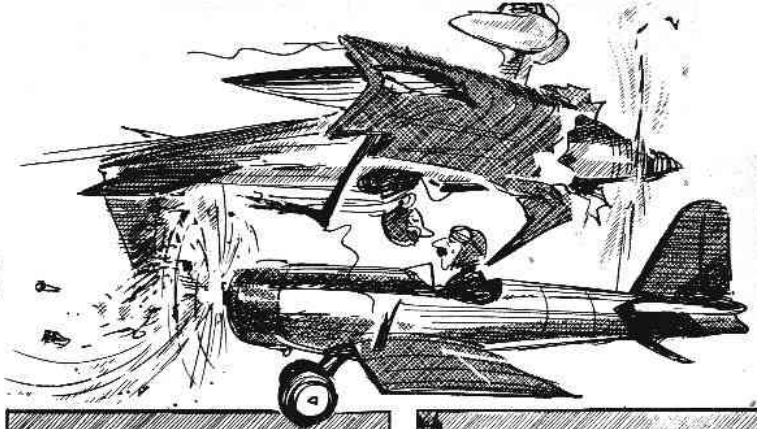
He's writing "P" as in... That fool he's writing Peter...

This is quite an intricate profession.

This job is nothing. You should have been with me when I directed eight skywriters doing a four mile square portrait of the White Rock Girl in compatible color...



# writers



Up there—I can see it.

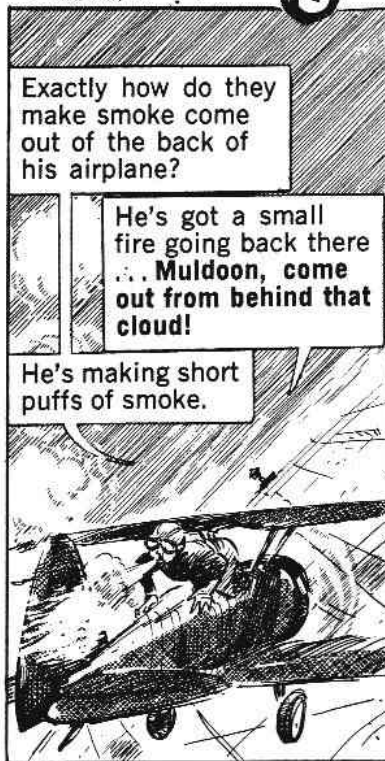
Where? I don't see anything! My eyes are going ...



There! That big thing circling around overhead ... with silver wings and smoke coming out of it.

Say, you're right—that is a plane ...

Hello, come in, Muldoon ... Can you hear me?



Exactly how do they make smoke come out of the back of his airplane?

He's got a small fire going back there ... Muldoon, come out from behind that cloud!

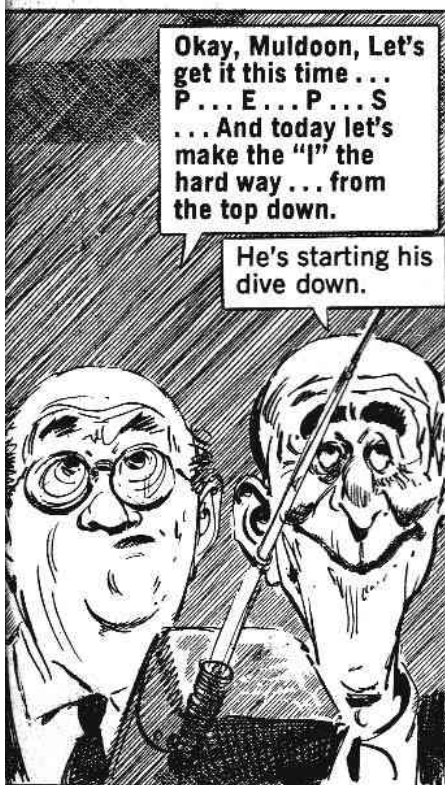
He's making short puffs of smoke.



He's trying to tell me something. Get away from the sun, Muldoon!

Let's have none of that.

Muldoon, has a flare for the dramatic.



Okay, Muldoon, Let's get it this time ... P ... E ... P ... S ... And today let's make the "I" the hard way ... from the top down.

He's starting his dive down.



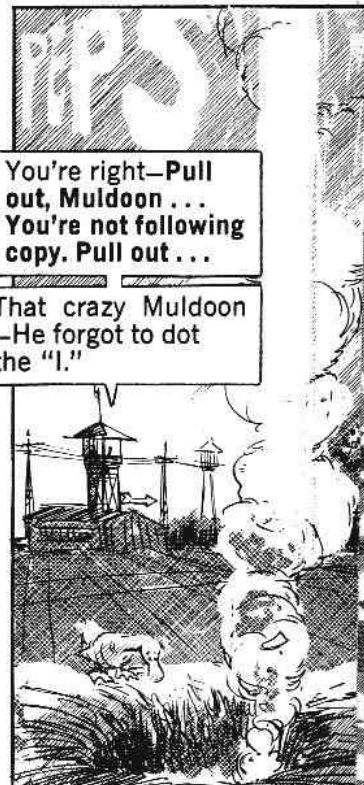
Keep it straight, Muldoon—not too much smoke. Okay, Muldoon, pull out.

He's not pulling out! He's in a nose-dive!



Nonsense, he's all right.

No, look! something must be wrong—there's no smoke coming from his plane.



You're right—Pull out, Muldoon ... You're not following copy. Pull out ...

That crazy Muldoon—He forgot to dot the "I."

SICK Opportunities...

# How To Hijack An Airplane



## 1. Picking the plane...

In choosing the plane to hijack, don't be cheap—pick a big plane. Electra Turbo Jets 707 are nice. But remember you'll need a large garage to keep one. If your neighbors see the wings of a Turbo Jet sticking out of your garage, there's sure to be talk and phone calls to the FBI. One rule to follow—don't hijack a mail plane. That's a federal offense.



## 2. Buying your ticket...

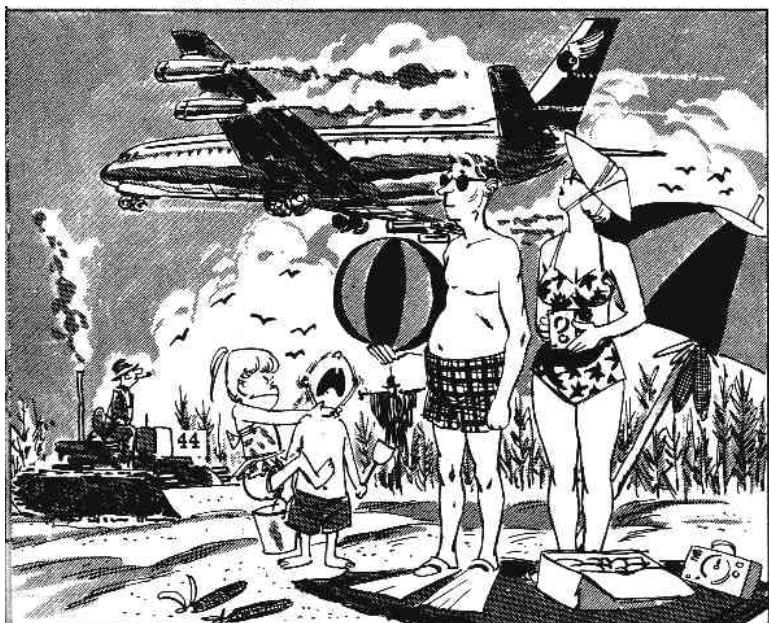
You don't need a return ticket. If things work out, on the way back you'll be flying the plane. As for luggage, don't take any. It will slow you up. You are allowed 120 pounds, so if you have a girlfriend who weighs less than 120 lbs. and she doesn't mind living out of a suitcase—

## 5. Where to take plane...

Don't take the plane to an airport in the United States. That just increases your chances of capture. Remember what happened in Houston. A commercial airliner with its tires full of bullet holes is a drug on the market. Take your plane to a foreign country like Akron, Ohio. Akron is easily recognizable from the air—it looks like Miami Beach. A fact that has caused many vacationers to spend the winter months in Akron and go home complaining about the Florida weather.

## 6. Avoid panic...

If the passengers panic, you're in big trouble. Talk to them, this settles them down. Speak to them over the loudspeaker: "Good afternoon, folks, you are now traveling at 40,000 feet in a hijacked plane. Don't be alarmed, it happens every day. We are now flying on automatic pilot. I'm holding a 45 automatic at the pilot's head" ... That will reassure them.





Hijacking of commercial airplanes has become one of the country's leading industries. Cuba's chief import this year were hijacked planes and yachts. But like everything else in this world of specialization, hijacking airplanes is not as easy as it seems. It's not as simple, say, as robbing a bank or bribing a city official. It takes training. If you read this article, you should be able to hijack your first plane when you're through. Warning: start small—start with a Piper Cub and work your way up to helicopters. After all, you have to learn to crawl before you can walk.



### 3. Choose your seat carefully . . .

When taking a plane, the safest place to sit is in the terminal. But you can't hijack many planes sitting in the terminal. You can hijack the terminal, but you'll never get it off the ground. We suggest you sit up front. That way you'll be near the cockpit and be the first to get sandwiches.



### 4. The holdup of the pilot . . .

Stage your holdup after everyone has eaten lunch. Otherwise, you'll get stuck for the bill. Don't tell the pilot to "stick 'em up." He's liable to lose control of the plane.

### 7. Unloading the plane . . .

Getting rid of the plane is a problem. You can't advertise in the papers. Best bet is the personal approach. Stop people in the street: "Hey, Buddy, come here a minute. I've got something to show you—here in this alley. How would you like to buy this Boeing 707? Isn't she a beauty? It's worth five million dollars, but I'm willing to sell it at a loss. Take it home with you tonight—surprise the wife and kiddies. This plane is in top condition, never been in an accident."

### 8. Unloading the passengers

After you unload the plane (Step 7), you still have passengers and crew to consider. Don't. Next time, they'll take the train. If you are successful in taking over an airplane, you'll really profit from our next SICK Lesson—**How to Take Over a Latin American Country**. Who knows—before the year's out, you may be ruling Argentina. One of our boys made it in Cuba. No, not Castro — Batista. Castro got his training from an article in the **other** humor magazine—as usual, they printed it after us.



If you're going to take a trip to Havana this winter . . . TAKE A PLANE!



# \$100 IN PRIZES

## NAME THAT NAME CONTEST

Pictured here by artist Leo Morey, leading statesmen and politicians, after getting the world in the mess it's in, are wisely taking off in a modern Noah's Ark. They loaded up with animals — two of each species — but the rabbits are getting out of hand. They should have loaded two male rabbits or mailed two loaded rabbits.

SICK will pay fifty dollars to the reader who identifies the most correct names and ten dollars each to the five next best. All entries become the property of SICK Magazine and the judges' decisions are final. In case of ties, prizes will be split. Contest closes December 1, 1961 and the correct answers will be printed in the March issue. Send entries to:

Contest  
SICK MAGAZINE  
32 West 22nd Street  
New York 10, N. Y.

P.S. You don't have to name the rabbits. Our international personalities have called them enough names already.

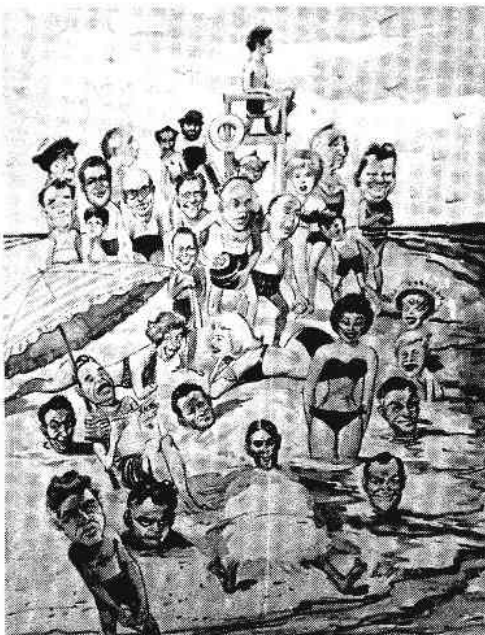
46



### SICK CONTEST WINNERS

Got 18 right—

Kenn Brown	John A. Fierko	Terry Nander	Sandra Gresham
803 4th Street	179 West Martin St	1845 East 16th St	112 Plymouth Road
Hoquiam, Wash	East Palestine, Ohio	National City, Calif.	Rome, Georgia



1. John F. Kennedy
2. Sebastian Cabot
3. Groucho Marx
4. Tugboat Annie
5. Phil Silvers (Bilko)
6. Lawrence Welk
7. Lee Marvin
8. John Tillman
9. Horace McMahon
10. Jerry Mathers (Beaver)
11. Barbara Stanwyck
12. Jayne Mansfield
13. Sophia Loren
14. Connie Stevens
15. Dennis the Menace (Jay North)
16. Carol Burnett
17. James Whitmore
18. Joe E. Brown
19. Victor Borge
20. James Cagney
21. Effrem Zimbalist, Jr.
22. Dr. SICKmund
23. Zacherley
24. Tom Ewell
25. Lorne Green
26. Harry Belaver (Naked City)
27. William Frawley (My Three Sons)





## Got 17

Nancy Lee Tulloch  
2848 Derby Street  
Berkeley 5, California

## Got 16

Susan Frililey  
2651 Berrel Avenue  
Columbus 11, Ohio

Jessie Giringeoni  
339 East 22nd Street  
New York 10, N.Y.



# SICKCERELY YOURS

(Continued from page 5)

Dear Editor:

I bought your current SICK record, "Presidential Press Conference." I have to admit it was pretty corny, but I enjoyed it very much. Almost every day I have to listen to it twice. I have never heard a funnier record than this. Or is that redundant. (NO, IT'S AMY.) And I have to say about your magazine—I have read every issue of your book and enjoyed it very much. I believe it is the right magazine for SICK, SICK Minds.

*A Very SICK FAN*  
Peter Borromeo  
538 Graham Avenue  
Brooklyn 22, N. Y.

P.S. I wish you would print a lot more "Monologues for SICK Comics" . . .

**ED: We just did.**

Dear Sirs:

Being in the Royal Australian Infantry, I have to find various means and excuses for going to the Regimental Aid Post, to shirk my duties. The best excuse for SICK

Call, is that after reading your issues of SICK, I become very ill. So I can tell you your magazine is very appreciated. Keep up the excellent work. I remain, yours in hiding.

*Pte. G. Packham*  
213661 1 ph ACoy  
Enaggera, Australia.

**ED: John Gunther is writing a book about Australia entitled "Inside Kangaroo" . . .**

Dear Sir:

SICK is way out, and cool but I definitely think there ought to be more nude girls and all that jazz. Maybe you can bring in a picture of B. B. But anyway let's see some more nude girls in it. Keep up the cute covers. On the whole the magazine is sharp. But more nude girls.

*Billie Stonne*  
(No address)

**ED: Can you introduce us to some nude girls?**

*Continued*

# SICKCERELY

**You Stupid Jerks:** (ED: *Don't you love letters that open that way?*)

How could Thurston be a secret agent from British Intelligence Nairobi Division, and Cranston from BPI, in your August issue, and still be agents from CIA and AIC respectively in your September issue?

*Alphonso Gooden  
South Carolina State College  
Orangeburg, South Carolina*

**ED:** Simple, Stupid, it's a big Empire. CIA and AIC are code letters for Nairobi Division. But why are we telling you all this?

Aloha, SICK!

Since your magazine is one of my favorite ways of getting a few laughs, I made sure and left a recent copy on the Vitjaz. It is a Russian research vessel visiting Hawaii. From your magazine, I hope it will show their people how advanced we are. Yours for a sickless America.

*James Carvaltto  
740 Oneawa Street  
Kailua, Oahu, Hawaii*

**ED:** A sickless America could put us out of business, Jim, how about a sane America eliminating all madness in the world?

Dear Nuts:

I enjoy reading your magazine at home in the evening after milking. The SICK book is like a book we have in Florida. It is called Mad. But I like this far better than Mad. I love to read SICK.

*Smokey Allen  
Route No. 1  
Adona, Arkansas*

**ED:** Even the people at Mad like SICK better, Smokey.

Dear AILING SICKKuns:

Salutations! Every once and awhile a magazine comes out with exceptional material, with art work to challenge da Vinci. Unfortunately, your magazine is not that one. Although SICK may not be a blue ribbon winner, it appeals to a mind such as mine. With an I.Q. of 50, I've been labeled as a near-moron. Being Chinese, I find SICK hard to understand. (I read it from the end to the beginning.) All kidding aside, including your magazine, I foresee that SICK shall go down into history, far down, as the main reason for the downfall of everybody.

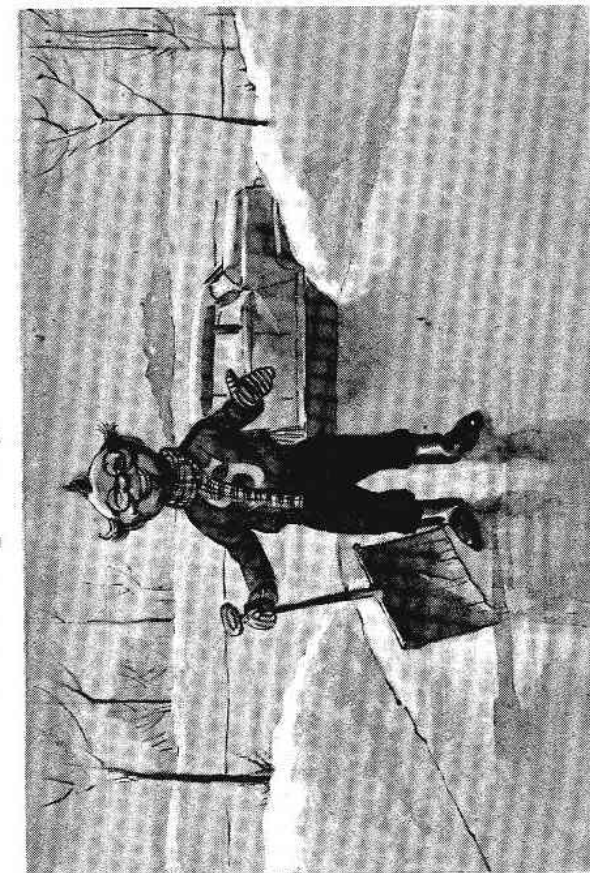
*Clarence Black, Jr.  
590 South 22nd Street  
Columbus 5, Ohio*

**ED:** Do we send him the Club button or not?

Professor SICKmund's









## Calendar of SICK Events

Man proposes---nature disposes

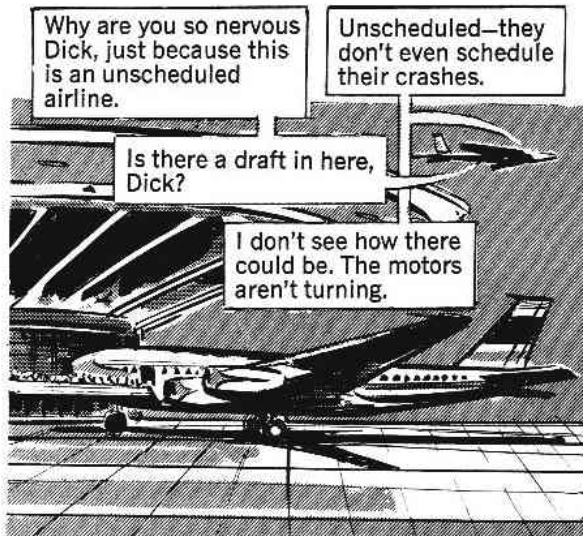




# December 1961

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
 <b>3</b> Cold rain if wind W Illinois admitted to Union in 1818 S'rise 7:04 Set 4:35	 New Moon <b>December 4, 1798</b> France declares war on Naples—Italians coin expression, "See Naples and die!" Cloudy and cold	 First Quarter 14th <b>December 5, 1901</b> Walt Disney born. Contrary to popular belief, Disney is real person. Mickey Mouse is the cartoon character. Stormy	 Full Moon 22nd <b>6</b> Joseph Conrad, writer, born 1857 S'rise 7:07 Set 4:35 Unsettled	 Last Quarter <b>December 7, 1941</b> The day that will live in infancy... Japs attack Pearl Harbor saying, "Mistake! We thought it was San Francisco." Unsettled	<b>1</b> Cold and windy <b>December 1, 1917</b> Father Flanagan founds Boys' Town. "There's no such thing as a bad boy." Ever heard of Billy the Kid? Cloudy and cold	<b>2</b> Snow if wind E. <b>December 2, 1923</b> Monroe Doctrine delivered. Hands off policy for Arthur Miller. Raw and windy <b>December 9, 1854</b> Tennyson writes "Charge of the Light Brigade," an attack on his excessive electric bill.
<b>December 10, 1913</b> Mona Lisa—Da Vinci's masterpiece recovered. Thief found her a poor companion. She never smiled. Windy	 <b>11</b> Indiana admitted to Union in 1816 S'rise 7:12 Set 4:35	 Changeable <b>12</b> Pennsylvania joins U. S. in 1787 S'rise 7:12 Set 4:3	<b>13</b> Cloudy and cold Drake's trip around world 1577 S'rise 7:13 Set 4:36	<b>15</b> Cloudy with rain <b>16</b> Bill of Rights ratified in 1791 S'rise 7:14 Set 4:36 Snow if wind S.	<b>8</b> Cloudy and cold U. S. declared war on Japan in 1941 S'rise 7:09 Set 4:35	<b>December 23, 1902</b> Actor Joe Jefferson played Rip Van Winkle on Broadway. After play opened, Jefferson disappeared for twenty years. Clear and cold
<b>December 17, 1903</b> First flight by Wright Brothers—In an automobile. Fair and frosty	<b>December 18, 1865</b> 13th Amendment abolishes slavery. "Let the slaves be free—half fare for the white women." <b>December 18, 1924</b> Weber and Fields make first movie. Called best comedy team since Jackie Gleason.	 Cloudy <b>19</b> Washington at Valley Forge, 1777 S'rise 7:16 Set 4:37	<b>20</b> No change <b>December 20, 1860</b> South Carolina secedes from the Union. They still haven't come back.	<b>December 21, 1879</b> Joseph Stalin born. Send a card to the tomb. <b>December 21, 1859</b> Busen and Kirchhoff discover spectrum analysis—whatever the hell that is.	<b>22</b> Clearing Nazis enter Belgium, 1944 S'rise 7:18 Set 4:39	<b>December 30, 1903</b> Fire at performance of Iroquois Theater, Chicago. Eddie Foy quiets audience with "It's part of my act." <b>December 30, 1862</b> Victor Hugo writes "Les Miserables." He also spells miserably.
<b>December 24, 1871</b> Verdi writes "Aida," but she doesn't answer him. <b>December 24, 1948</b> Tojo of Japan and six war leaders hung. Tojo called "Banzai" but Banzai didn't answer.	<b>December 25, 1818</b> "Silent Night, Holy Night" written. Let's make it a Christmas song.	<b>26</b> Cloudy <b>December 26, 1894</b> Dreyfus trial in Paris proved that in France it is not a crime to be oversexed. They'd have to send them all to prison.	<b>27</b> Clearing Louis Pasteur born in 1822 <b>December 27, 1903</b> "Sweet Adeline" written. Gives drunks a song to request.	<b>28</b> Clear and cold  Woodrow Wilson born 1856 S'rise 7:11 Set 4:42	<b>29</b> Unsettled Andrew Johnson born in 1808 <b>December 29, 1951</b> First YMCA opened in Boston. "Everyone out of the pool."	

# SICK CO-PILOTS



Why are you so nervous Dick, just because this is an unscheduled airline.

Unscheduled—they don't even schedule their crashes.

Is there a draft in here, Dick?

I don't see how there could be. The motors aren't turning.



Straighten her out, Dick, we're flying on an angle.

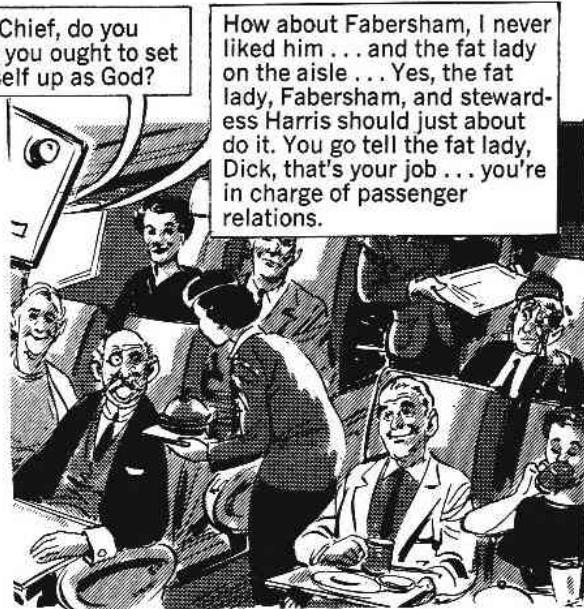
That's because one wing is shorter than the other.



We'll have to lighten our load or we'll never make Los Angeles.

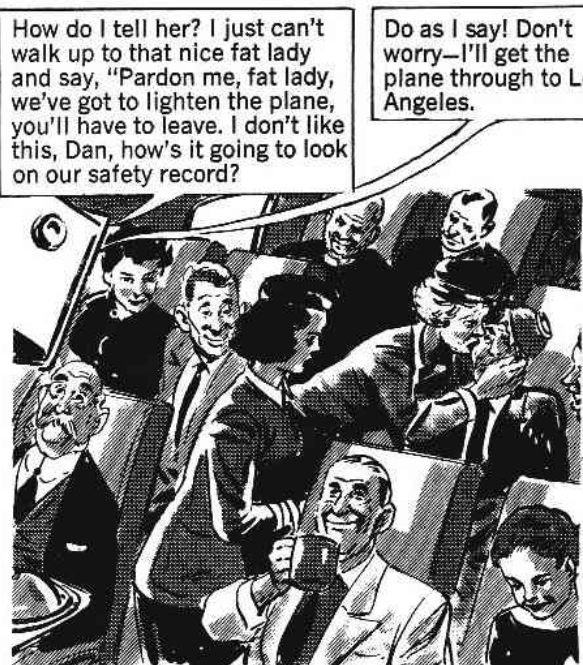
I already threw out the parachutes, life preservers, the floor and seat boards and the magazines.

Not enough—we'll have to lighten it more. Let me see the passenger list, Dick.



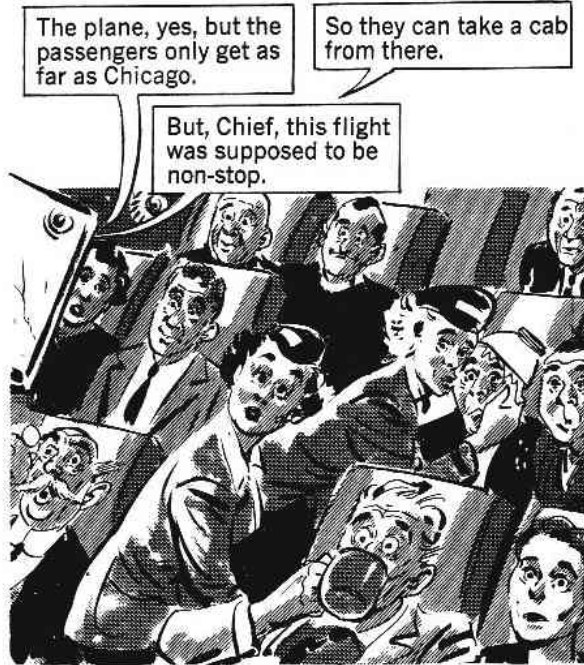
Gee, Chief, do you think you ought to set yourself up as God?

How about Fabersham, I never liked him ... and the fat lady on the aisle ... Yes, the fat lady, Fabersham, and stewardess Harris should just about do it. You go tell the fat lady, Dick, that's your job ... you're in charge of passenger relations.



How do I tell her? I just can't walk up to that nice fat lady and say, "Pardon me, fat lady, we've got to lighten the plane, you'll have to leave. I don't like this, Dan, how's it going to look on our safety record?"

Do as I say! Don't worry—I'll get the plane through to Los Angeles.



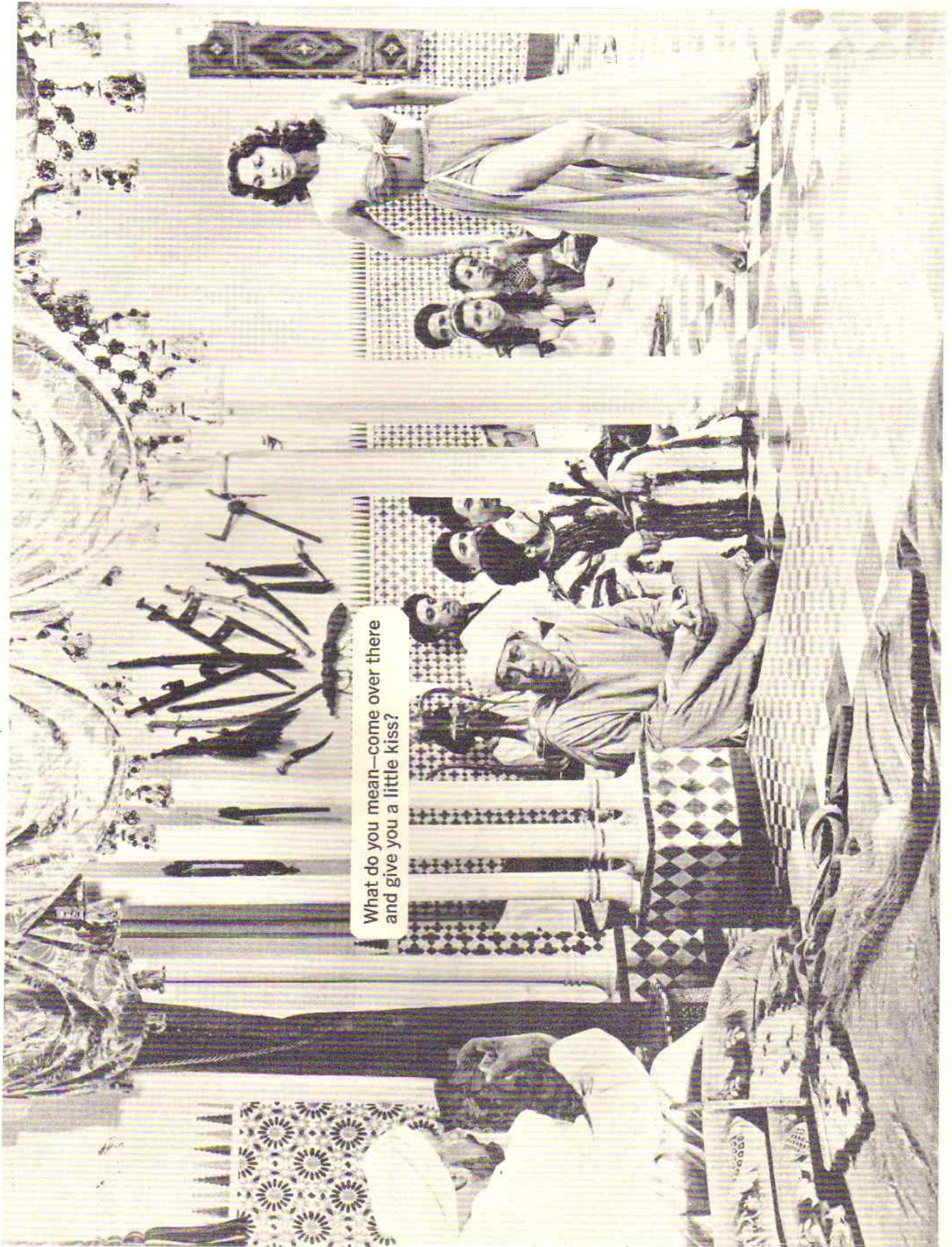
The plane, yes, but the passengers only get as far as Chicago.

So they can take a cab from there.

But, Chief, this flight was supposed to be non-stop.



## Great Moments in Movies





# JOE

